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The ANTIOCH REVIEW

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—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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WHAT OUR WORLD FEDERALISTS NEGLECT

By WILLIAM G. CARLETON

ONE THING and only one thing will make possible the kind of international government for which Americans today are groping, and that is the gradual displacing of national conflict by the group conflict that cuts across national boundaries.

At first blush this may sound shocking to most Americans because it involves the substitution of one kind of conflict for another and because it suggests the class and group struggle most Americans would like to ignore. Yet this is not Marxism but is instead in the very best traditions of American federalism. (James Madison, for instance, saw clearly the group struggle long before Marx.) And while it perceives the continuation of conflict—group and ideological conflict rather than national conflict—it also perceives the decisive difference between them: national conflict frequently leads to full-dress wars while group conflict seldom does.

Paradoxically enough we can be saved only by conflict, for only as group conflict expands and extends to international politics will national conflict diminish. Genuine international government based on consent will come only with the shattering of the unity of nations and the *reciprocal* willingness and freedom of social groups in one country to join hands with similar groups in other countries, even in opposition to dissimilar groups in their own countries, to accomplish common group purposes felt to be superior to national purposes.

We have become accustomed to the weary stereotypes that beg the real question. What are some of these stereotypes? That we should "think internationally." That we should have the "will" to make an international organization work. That we should "curb nationalism." That we should

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"limit national sovereignty." But even an international body which had the legal power to exercise a broad measure of the sovereignty now exercised by the national states would not result in real international government unless the national blocs gave way to international divisions which crossed national lines. So long as each nation came to the international body seeing all questions from the national point of view and discussing, arguing, voting on all questions as a national unit vis à vis other national units no genuine progress toward internationalism would be made. We would merely have created another arena in which the conflicting nationalisms could air their differences while at the same time retaining the national solidarity which would enable them to settle those differences by resort to war.

Of course the international body must have enough sovereignty assigned it to allow it to deal with some of the important matters that are clearly seen to affect the everyday lives of people in their group and class relationships. Otherwise people will never take enough interest to divide along group lines that cross the old national boundaries. But the mere creation of an international organization based upon contract is not enough. The mere yielding of national sovereignty is not enough. Within such a legal structure must be the willingness—indeed, the urgency—of large numbers of people inside one country to co-operate politically with like-minded people inside other countries and to stand against people in their own country who differ with them on vital international questions. What is needed is not the mere curbing of political nationalism but its disintegration. An international organization will develop into real international government only to the degree it is implemented by functional conflicts that cross the old national barriers. The extent to which people do or do not see this, the extent to which they want or do not want to see this—indeed, the extent to which they are or are not already doing this —is the extent to which we are or are not ready to make a beginning—a mere beginning—toward international government.

II

What gave reality to the national state in the years of its development was not law or government structure so much as functional co-operation. True, the national states of Western Europe were put together around the legal theory of the sovereignty of the king. But for centuries this theory

remained a mere fiction while real sovereignty was wielded by the feudal states and medieval communes which went to war with each other just as do the national states of today. But gradually the emerging bourgeoisie, because of class and group interests, joined hands across feudal states and communes to give real power to the king. As the sovereignty of the king became a reality, as the king became the real source of power, the old aristocracy also banded together to control the king and to bend government to its interest. Thus as class lines crossed feudal and communal boundaries the national state evolved and grew.

The making of the United States of America into a national state is even more revealing. The creation of the Continental Congress was the work of factions within the various colonies, factions with similar ideas of what ought to be done, factions which crossed the colonial boundaries in order to co-operate to get those things done. Later, the Articles of Confederation were adopted to give a better legal basis for the emerging nationalism. What gave the Articles the little actual vitality they possessed was the disposition of groups to cross state boundaries and to use the Congress under the Articles to group advantage. True, each state had but one vote in Congress and under the unit rule that vote was cast as the majority of the state's delegation wanted it cast. But the vote of each individual delegate was tabulated, and the journal revealed that frequently a minority from Virginia was co-operating with a majority from New York or a minority from Pennsylvania was co-operating with a majority from South Carolina. Factional, group, class, and ideological differences were breaking through and crossing state lines.

The present Constitution of the United States represents the triumph of a class. The selection of delegates to the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, the activities of the Convention itself, the struggle for adoption in the various states, and the first ten years of implementive and constructive government under the Constitution were largely the work of the confident and aggressive commercial and creditor class which boldly crossed state lines to create a government which it thought would be advantageous to itself. And the groups opposed to the Constitution, also for reasons thought to be advantageous to their class interests, likewise crossed state lines to use within every state concerted tactics and arguments in opposition.

Since the adoption of the Constitution of 1787, nationalism in America has grown apace. The geographical and territorial conflict has given way still more before the class, group, and ideological conflict. The decisive divisions within the United States have not involved state against state or even section against section but group against group. These group differences have cut across state and sectional barriers. The little states have not combined against the big states, but instead similar groups within the little states and the big states have combined against dissimilar groups within those states. Even sectional differences largely represent the preponderance of one group within a section as opposed to the preponderance of a different group within another section. The industrial minority in an agrarian area has usually co-operated with the industrial majority of another area just as the agrarian minority in an industrial area has usually co-operated with the agrarian majority in another area.

George Washington had scarcely been inaugurated as President when the Federalists even more than before were crossing state lines to co-operate with Federalists, and Republicans were crossing state lines to co-operate with Republicans. Thomas Jefferson had more in common with an Albert Gallatin of Pennsylvania and a John Langdon of New Hampshire than he had with fellow Virginians like George Washington and John Marshall. Likewise, Alexander Hamilton had more in common with the Essex Junto of Massachusetts and the Pinckneys of South Carolina than he had with fellow New Yorkers like Aaron Burr and George Clinton. And so it was with the political leaders and the rank and file in every state of the Union. The political conflict was not territorial; it was partisan, factional, class, group, and ideological, cutting across and breaking down state barriers.

And what had produced this accelerated trend toward group rather than state conflict, that is, this trend toward nationalism? In particular, the new government machinery helped. The states in Congress no longer voted as states, no longer voted as units. The votes of Senators and Representatives in Congress were counted as individual votes and thus the group conflict which cut across state lines was facilitated and made manifest for all to see. Moreover, Representatives in Congress were now chosen in popular elections and thus a given delegation in the House represented a very wide cross-section of the state's opinion. (Under the Articles of

Confederation state delegations in Congress had been chosen by the legislatures.) Representation of greater diversity shattered the state's political unity in Congress. More important, the new government had more functions which affected the everyday lives of individuals in their group and class relationships—functions and powers involving taxation, trade, tariffs, and monetary questions. Finally, the steady growth of technology (it is so easy to forget that the Industrial Revolution came to the world just about the time our Constitution was adopted) created new groups and classes, sharpened group and class consciousness, and caused government decisions to affect more closely economic and social matters.

The one big exception to this trend toward American nationalism—the growth of a separate nationalism in the South in the 1850's—underscores the importance to nationalism of class and group conflicts crossing state and sectional lines. When the southern states in a solid political bloc faced the rest of the country, when southern delegations in Congress no longer crossed the sectional line to vote with northern Congressmen, when party ties with the North snapped, when first the Whig and then the Democratic party split into northern and southern wings, when the groups and classes of the South no longer felt affinity with similar groups and classes of the North and ceased co-operating with them, then American nationalism sickened and nearly died. Nothing better illustrates the proposition that nationalism is based not on law or on government structure but on social feelings and realities. The Constitution of 1787 still existed in 1860, the sovereignty yielded by the states in 1789 still remained legally yielded in the 1850's and existed in the Washington government, the states still could divide their votes in Congress, social and economic groups and classes in the South were still free to co-operate with similar groups in other parts of the country—but all this availed nothing when a combination of social and economic forces converged to cause a whole section to think again largely in geographical and territorial terms rather than in group or class terms.

In short, local and territorial conflict gave way to political nationalism when group and class lines crossed local boundaries. It is probable that genuine political internationalism will come only when group and class lines reciprocally cross the old national boundaries.

III

Today an international organization based on contract, the United Nations, is struggling to become an effective world agency. Not much sovereignty, not much real power, has been yielded to it by the nations. People do not sufficiently feel the impact of the organization in their everyday lives. Consequently groups within countries do not cross national boundaries in political alliances with like groups abroad in an attempt to win hot political decisions within the United Nations—the sort of vital political activities that would infuse life into the international organization, break down nationalism, and develop real world government.

The United Nations does contain within itself the seeds—only the seeds—of the kind of power that would enlist the passions and practical interests of all groups and classes and ultimately force them into international alliances in a struggle for decisive political influence. Effective control over war and peace is one of these. The international trusteeship system is another. Matters dealt with by the Economic and Social Council suggest still other such powers. Most important of all is the American proposal to create an international agency with monopoly powers to manufacture and control atomic energy. Such an agency, having control over an increasingly important source of industrial energy, would come to influence directly the daily lives of every man, woman, and child on this planet, an influence that would be felt and seen constantly. This is the sort of political power that would impel economic and social groups in one country to make international alliances with like groups in other countries to affect the decisions of the control agency.

One of the most encouraging features of the United Nations is the open, spirited, and realistic nature of the debates in the Security Council and in the General Assembly. This is a distinct gain over the way debates were conducted in the Council of the old League of Nations. These debates sometimes become so heated that one suspects there must be division of opinion within the national delegations. But as presently organized there is no way for these divisions to make themselves manifest, no way divisions in one delegation can make contact with divisions in other delegations.

Indeed, this is a most serious lack in the United Nations—the inability of divisions within the national delegations to break through and beyond

the national boundaries. There is no way a national delegation can divide and proclaim that division to the world in the way, for instance, that New York's delegation in the American Congress constantly divides on public questions. Each nation represented on the Security Council has but one delegate and one vote. Every member nation is represented in the Assembly by a plural delegation, but each nation has but one vote. There is no way of splitting that vote. Moreover, the votes of the individual delegates in the Assembly are not recorded as individual votes. The record does not show whether, for instance, on a given question France's five delegates in the Assembly voted three one way and two another. Perhaps this may have actually happened when the delegation caucused, the one vote of France, however, going under the unit rule the way the majority of the delegation voted. But if delegations do divide there is no sure way of knowing it and no way for a minority in one national delegation to unite with minorities and majorities in other delegations who feel the same way about a particular issue.

It is apparent that the authors of the United Nations envisaged a society of sovereign states debating and voting in solid national blocs, each nation presenting a united front to the world. Nationalism might be "curbed" and some national sovereignty yielded, but in the main nationalism was to continue and national solidarity to be maintained. One was going to be allowed to eat his cake and have it too. Even our "Federalists" and our "Union Now" advocates talk too much in terms of "curbing" nationalism and yielding sovereignty—talk too much in sheer legalistic terms—and do not see the importance of functional alliances of groups and classes, minorities and majorities, crossing national lines and co-operating within a world organization for their own political ends.

The international organization which sought in its structure to encourage a functional division within the nations and within national delegations and functional co-operation of groups across national boundaries would provide for plural delegations and plural votes in the Assembly and perhaps even in the Security Council. Moreover, it would allot delegates and votes at least in the Assembly according to a nation's population, technology, and capacity to produce. And it would provide for the popular election of the delegates, to insure their being representative of a wide cross-section of opinion and of all articulate groups and

classes. Now in the present state of the world it is too much to expect that all of this can be accomplished. For a time we shall have to maintain equality of delegate and voting strength even in the Assembly. But at the very least we could in the Assembly call the roll not of the states but of the individual delegates and thus proclaim to the world divisions within the delegations, although under the unit rule the one vote of the state would, of course, go the way the majority of the delegation voted. As we have seen, even our old Articles of Confederation went this far! And we might go to the length of providing that the national delegations in the Assembly be chosen by their respective national legislatures, not their executives. This probably would provide a somewhat wider national cross-section and be more inclusively representative of the various classes and groups.

IV

Are not the forces of nationalism too strong to prevent groups and classes within nations from crossing their respective national frontiers and co-operating with similar groups abroad? Would such forces operate internationally even if every encouragement were given them by the legal and mechanical structure of the world organization?

As a matter of fact, ideological co-operation on an international scale is rather common in history and occurs today. During the American Revolution, British Whigs sympathized with American Whigs and found opportunities to lend them practical encouragement. During the Wars of the French Revolution, American Federalists openly sympathized with British Tories and American Jeffersonians with French Girondists and even Jacobins, and while the War of 1812 was in progress many American Federalists were at bottom in sympathy with British Tories. During those same French Revolutionary Wars, while Britain and France were locked in deadly combat, the Charles James Fox Whigs went to very great lengths to show their sympathy for the French Revolutionaries. At the same time, British and Continental conservatives were co-operating with French conservatives in opposition to the Revolution.

Such international ideological co-operation has become much more marked in the twentieth century. Today it is a commonplace for Communists of one country to co-operate with Communists of other countries, for Fascists of one country to co-operate with Fascists of other countries,

for Socialists of one country to co-operate with Socialists of other countries. The Second World War was not merely an international war; in many ways it was converted into a gigantic civil war with Communists and Socialists in the Axis countries doing all they could to defeat their own countries and with Fascists in all countries furthering the cause of the Axis, even at the expense of their own countries. Today left-wingers in various countries co-operate to discredit Franco Spain; conservatives in various countries co-operate to sustain Franco. Much the same ideological conflict cuts across national lines with respect to Indonesia, French Indo-China, Argentina. When Winston Churchill speaks to Americans on questions of American foreign policy in a way that offends millions of left-wing Britons and when Henry Wallace goes to Britain and lashes out at American foreign policy in a way that pains conservative and middle-of-the-road Americans but pleases left-wing Americans, we are witnessing at first hand and in a conspicuous way this increasing tendency of ideological groups inside countries to cross national barriers and co-operate with like ideological groups abroad. Of course, this sort of thing produces violent protests from nationalists and patrioteers—if it involves liberals and leftists co-operating internationally—but the tendency persists and grows.

This tendency increasingly manifests itself in a growing number of functional organizations. Among these are: the Deminform (promoted by the AFL); the Cominform; international business organizations and cartels; international trade, financial, professional, scientific, literary, religious, and youth conferences; world-wide gatherings of educators under the sponsorship of UNESCO; the meeting of business and labor leaders from many countries in the General Conference of the International Labor Organization; the comingling of Communist and non-Communist labor leaders in the WFTU and the banner of free unionism carried by James B. Carey into that organization; the international co-operation of the trade unions of the sixteen countries which are participating in the Marshall Plan and the insistence by these unions that labor be adequately represented in the administration of the program.

Now if this trend is as observable as it is today, how much more observable it would be if we had a world organization with real powers—powers which affected the practical lives of all people, all groups and classes, in their bread-and-butter daily existence. A world organization

with broader economic powers would impel manufacturers, bankers, traders, exporters, importers, technicians, engineers, planters, farmers, wage earners, white-collar employees, professional groups, intellectuals, and consumers to cross national lines and to join hands with kindred groups in other countries, each group seeking to influence and control the international organization in its own interests. In short, the same process of group conflict and compromise which now characterizes national politics would be extended to international politics. For a long time, of course, the most numerous and most important conflicts would still be within the nations, especially in this age of planned economies, and even in Communist countries the chief questions would continue to be resolved within national frameworks, but gradually the area of international group conflict and compromise would widen as the functions of the international organization widened.

V

But now we must pause to take note of the most serious obstacle in this mid-twentieth century to the building of real world government. It involves this very trend we have been discussing. It involves the unilateral, nonreciprocal way the Communists use ideological international co-operation. At first sight it would seem that the high degree of co-operation of Communists from country to country would be a promising indication of the early arrival of world government—indeed, the most promising indication in the world today. But the rub is that the Communists insist that international ideological co-operation be a one-way street. Communists in Communist-dominated countries insist on being allowed to co-operate with Communists in non-Communist countries and do so co-operate. But non-Communist elements in non-Communist countries are not allowed to co-operate with non-Communist elements in Communist-dominated countries. Russia can cross national frontiers and co-operate with Communists in Western countries, but non-Communist elements cannot cross the Soviet frontiers and co-operate with whatever non-Communist elements exist there. And, using this same principle in reverse to designate ideological opponents abroad, a Vishinsky can go inside the American delegation to the Assembly of the United Nations, seek to stir up factional division there, and point the finger of scorn at one sitting with the American delegation, but a Marshall cannot do the same to the

Soviet delegation, which, representing a totalitarian state, always presents a solid, an impersonal, face to the world.

When international ideological co-operation is not reciprocal for all groups in all countries, there is danger that those countries which do not allow ideological division inside their own countries will use ideological division within other countries in a fifth-column and Trojan horse manner to advance national ends or to create international dictatorship. Thus the very people, the Communists, who boast the greatest degree of international ideological co-operation among themselves, are staying the larger trend toward international ideological co-operation or are forcing it unnaturally into two clear-cut ideological camps which threaten ultimate war.

It is possible, even probable, that the Communists will not be able forever to prevent new group conflicts from emerging openly inside Communist systems—the political conflict of technicians, engineers, managers, wage-earners, farmers, and so forth. For even Communist purges will not permanently be able to stifle the development and conflict of new economic group interests. Those group conflicts will eventually spill over national boundaries and seek to co-operate with the nearest thing to similar groups abroad. And believers in the democratic way should take every opportunity to make contacts inside Communist countries and to encourage democratic divisions, divisions that may cross national borders. Only about a decade ago dissident groups and leaders were active in Russia. It required a ruthless government purge to silence them, and opposition remnants no doubt remain. That the Voice of America is making some impression is evidenced by the vigorous protest which came out of Moscow recently, a protest which filled nearly three columns in *The New York Times.* The face-to-face plea for a free press made to Soviet journalists by Melvin J. Lasky, a correspondent of *The New Leader,* at the Soviet-sponsored German writers' conference in Berlin last fall, is the sort of realistic encounter that may bear eventual fruit. International youth congresses in which Communists and non-Communists from many nations mingle together should be encouraged by our government rather than discouraged. (Democratic youth can be counted on to hold its own against the Communists.) And the mixing together of Communist and non-Communist labor leaders from many countries in the WFTU is all to the good. However, in the present stage of Communist

development such contacts are not too promising. Communist tactics today, by insisting that international ideological co-operation be a one-way street, are slowing up and may even defeat the evolution of world government based upon consent.

VI

However, we may be nearer to international or supranational government than we suspect. Many forces—technological, ideological, psychological—are carrying us in that direction. But the *kind* of international government we develop is as important as the fact of international government itself.

One possibility is that the current duel between the United States and the Soviet Union would ultimately lead to war and that the victorious survivor would emerge with sufficient strength to put the world together by force, veiled perhaps, but force nevertheless, and thus create a universal state dominated by one power—a modern Pax Romana.

Another is that the Communists, employing international functional co-operation, would come to power in enough countries to create the international proletarian state—the world Communist dictatorship—after the manner contemplated by the old Comintern. (However, even the Communist systems might turn out to be more nationalistic than Communist theory had planned.) In the long process of history, new articulate groups would emerge within the Communist systems and the resulting political conflict would probably lead away from world dictatorship to a more democratic world organization, but that is speculative and for the remote future. The immediate result probably would be international Communist dictatorship.

A third possibility is that a world organization founded on contract —the United Nations, for instance—would evolve functionally into a genuine world government. This may come about if the tensions between the Soviet Union and the United States recede—after the respective spheres of the two countries are delimited. Then more power might be granted the world organization or might gradually develop from the powers already granted. Also delegations might be allowed to split their votes and the functional co-operation of groups that crosses national boundaries and gradually disintegrates nationalism be encouraged. However, the great barrier to the breaking down of nationalism in this man-

ner would still be the fact that delegations from democratic countries would be free to split their votes while delegations from dictatorship countries would not, even though legally allowed to do so. It cannot be stated too often that the functional development of group politics on an international scale must be reciprocal, must be a two-way street. The easing of tensions, and splits in the delegations from Western countries might induce Communist countries to relax dictatorship and allow open political differences, differences which reflected themselves in split Communist delegations, but that, of course, is extremely doubtful. Indeed, the doubt is so great that it would probably prevent Western delegations from splitting in the first instances. Thus, in the presence of dictatorship, the process probably would never get started.

A fourth possibility is that the Soviet Union and its satellites, distressed at repeated rebuffs within the United Nations, would secede from that organization, thus giving the Western democracies an opportunity to strengthen the United Nations at a more rapid pace—by granting it more powers or developing more powers from the ones already granted and encouraging the functional co-operation of groups that cuts across national lines. Admittedly, there are dangers here. One is the overwhelming power the United States might exert within the smaller organization. Another is the fearful possibility that the United States, with its doctrinaire belief in the righteousness of free enterprise and pure Capitalism, might use that power to prevent the synthesis of Capitalism and democratic Socialism in Western Europe—the synthesis which stands the best chance of checking Communism there. Of course, these dangers exist even today, but they might be increased should the United Nations shrink in size by the secession of the Soviet Union. However, if the United Nations is revamped to allow national delegations to split and if national delegations actually do split, then leftists in the United States probably would join hands with the Socialists of Britain and Western Europe to check possible American domination or American smothering of the developing Socialist-Capitalist systems of Western Europe. It is well to remember that in the early days of our own American federal system the fears of the small states that the large states would dominate the Union proved to be groundless precisely because the political conflict developed not as state against state but instead as group against group, party against party,

which conflict cut across state lines. This is the way world federalism would operate if it were to operate successfully.

Still another danger is that Soviet secession from the United Nations, by severing the world into two hostile parts, would further increase world tensions. This might well happen and lead to a situation which would make impossible any effective, democratic international organization in our time. On the other hand, the added strength that would come to the non-Soviet world through the establishment of a workable federal state might actually ease tensions by mitigating fears in the Western nations. And, perhaps most important of all, such a federal state, composed of Western democracies, would provide a developing method for the peaceful and democratic synthesis of the "isms" now contending for supremacy in the Western world—Capitalism, Socialism, and Communism. For, as James Madison pointed out in his most famous essay in *The Federalist,* the wider the territory and the more people and groups involved in internal governmental conflict, the less danger there is of the triumph of any one extreme, the greater the chance for broad, middle-of-the-road compromise.

The evolution of the United Nations into international or supranational federal government is today an alternative to a world state based upon militarism or upon Communist dictatorship. It alone offers international government based on consent. It alone combines strength and democracy. But we must constantly bear in mind that federalism means more than mere legal structure; it means more than the surrender of a measure of national sovereignty. *It is far more a matter of politics than of law.* If international federal government is to come to life it must be infused with the vitality that only the competition and co-operation of functional groups, bursting national boundaries, can give it. This is a basic truth our professional "Federalists" too often ignore.

HOW THE MOLOTOV PLAN WORKS

By MORROE BERGER

As the United States debates the implementation of the Marshall Plan, the Soviet Union is consolidating its power in eastern Europe and preparing to expand westward by a number of devices which together show a clear pattern of action that is called the "Molotov Plan." The most recent and spectacular moves in this plan have been the formation of the Communist Information Bureau (Cominform) in Belgrade, the political strikes in France and Italy, the establishment of a Free Greek government, the jubilant Communist support for Henry Wallace and the third-party drive in the United States, and the establishment of Communist control over Czechoslovakia.

Behind these dramatic events, however, the U.S.S.R. is carrying out those elements of its over-all plan which are less impressive but perhaps more significant. These aspects of the Molotov Plan, given less publicity than the exciting proclamations of strikes, new governments, or new international Communist ventures, include mainly those slower and more fundamental processes of economic and political organization in the third of Europe which the Soviet Union now dominates.

The Molotov Plan, contrary to the general belief, was not the Soviet Union's answer to the Marshall Plan, for the Russian program antedates by about two years Secretary Marshall's Harvard speech last June 5. Russia's design for eastern Europe was fashioned even before the last shot was fired in Germany; its essential features have been operating since early 1945. When the Marshall proposals caught the imagination of Europe's harried statesmen, the Molotov Plan received its name, but the the program it represented only had to be intensified.

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In the Molotov Plan the Soviet Union reveals two sets of objectives: a set of maximum aims and a set of minimum aims. The maximum aims are to obtain economic and political control over Europe, to gear the European economies to its own, and to convert the continent into a source of industrial production for the U.S.S.R. and a market for its surpluses. The minimum aims are to obtain Europe's consumer goods for Russia's impoverished millions, and to establish throughout the continent governments that are at least "friendly" to the Soviet Union.

Given this range of objectives, by what methods does the Molotov Plan try to attain them? To answer this question, it is necessary to separate the plan's short-term from its long-term aspects. For example, Russia has taken much of eastern Europe's economic wealth through reparations, occupation costs, war booty, restitution of Russian property said to have been stolen by the Nazis and their satellites, and by simple seizure by the Red Army. These are the short-term methods, since they are intended primarily to relieve immediate Russian shortages rather than to effect enduring changes in the economic life of the satellites.

Other techniques of the Molotov Plan are likely to have more abiding results. These long-term aspects are twofold. First, the Soviet Union has arranged with two of its satellites, Rumania and Hungary, to establish joint companies to develop resources, manufacture goods, and conduct banking functions—all on the basis of virtual monopolies. Second, the satellites, inspired by the U.S.S.R., have nationalized industries, and have adopted economic plans in the execution of which Russia has promised its help.

A final method of the Molotov Plan, the network of trade agreements among the Soviet Union and the satellites, is of a mixed nature; some of the agreements are merely for short intervals, while others provide for longer periods of collaboration. All of them, however, may lead to such changes in the flow of European trade that the U.S.S.R. will be in a position to gear the economies of its neighbors to its own.

Since no official estimates have been made of the extent of the Russian "take" in Europe, it is impossible to obtain more than a reasonable guess at the actual figures. At the Moscow session of the foreign ministers last year Molotov promised that he would one day reveal what the U.S.S.R. has taken from Germany. "At the appropriate time," he said, "the Soviet Union will present a complete report on this matter, down to the last

kopec, or down to the last dollar if you prefer." But it is doubtful that even Russia has an accurate record of its removals; and Molotov said nothing about the transfers of wealth from the former Nazi (now Soviet) satellites.

The most dependable data on the Russian take are those on reparations, since they were established by the Council of Foreign Ministers on the basis of the Potsdam agreement. Accordingly, the Soviet Union has been receiving regular payments in kind from Italy, Rumania, Hungary, and Finland. These countries must pay a total of $900 million over eight years. But Russia will receive much more than this total indicates, because the shipments are evaluated at the prices which prevailed in 1938. Wholesale prices today in Italy, Hungary, and Finland, according to official United Nations statistics, are twenty times what they were in 1938.

From Germany the U.S.S.R. is insisting on reparations of ten billion dollars. The day before the adjournment of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London last December Secretary Marshall and Foreign Minister Bevin each announced an estimate of what the Soviet Union has removed from eastern Germany. Mr. Marshall asserted that shipments from that area's current production have been going to the U.S.S.R. at an annual rate greater than $500 million since the beginning of the occupation in 1945. This figure is apparently based on a report, made public in November, prepared by economists in the American military government in Germany. After a year of intensive study, it was found that Russia had taken out of current production in its zone about $1,250 million since 1945. This total for less than two and a half years represents an annual rate of more than $500 million, the figure given by Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Bevin stated that Russia "has taken at least $7,000,000,000 out of Germany since the war ended." The day after the adjournment of the Council he repeated this charge, adding that Soviet removals amount to 70 per cent of all industrial production in its zone. The magnitude of this figure suggests that Mr. Bevin's estimate includes both removals from current production as well as from existing industrial equipment.

Reparations tax the satellites so heavily that in 1946, the United States officially estimated, Russia took 80 to 90 per cent of Hungary's heavy industry output. A newspaperman's calculation places current Finnish reparations to the U.S.S.R. at 11 per cent of its production.

Occupation costs represent another method of transfer of wealth to Russia. The Red Army has been unswerving in its policy of living off the land and avoiding a drain on Soviet domestic resources. A State Department representative estimated a year ago that the occupation had already cost Rumania $325 million and that future costs would add up to another $100 million.

In the summer of 1946 the United States claimed, in a note to the U.S.S.R., that the occupation of Hungary and reparations were costing that country one-half of its production of manufactured goods. In addition, it was charged, the Red Army in 1945 appropriated certain foodstuffs equal to more than half of the total 1938 production of these items. Unofficial but reliable data indicate that during 1946 the Allied occupation cost Austria two-thirds of its entire production; the cost attributable to the maintenance of the Red Army was more than four times that of maintaining any one of the three other occupying powers, the United States, Great Britain and France.

Although reparations and occupation costs have transfered staggering amounts of European wealth to Russia, the total extracted by these two methods is not so great as that which Russia has gained merely by seizing what it pleases under the war booty and restitution clauses of the armistice agreements, and by simple loot. A semi-official United States estimate of a year ago placed Russian removals from Rumania at no less than $1.5 billion, with a half again as much anticipated in the future. Former Hungarian officials now in exile in this country and England have reported that in mid-1946 the Soviet take in Hungary equalled that in Rumania: $1.5 billion. In Austria the U.S.S.R. now controls well over 230 of the leading industrial plants in the Soviet zone.

Washington experts, a little over a year ago, concluded that the entire Soviet take up to that time was $3 billion. This total, probably too small even when it was made, has since been vastly augmented.

In view of the enormous Russian losses during the war, some reparations are due it. A Soviet commission reported the following destruction as a result of the war and the Nazi occupation: 1) 1710 towns and cities, over 70,000 villages, and over 6,000,000 buildings were completely or partly destroyed, leaving 25,000,000 persons homeless. 2) Nearly 32,000 industrial undertakings and 98,000 collective farms were completely destroyed.

Put in economic terms, here is the extent of the Nazi occupation of Russia in 1942: 35 per cent of the sown area of the U.S.S.R., the source for 30 per cent of its grain and 90 per cent of its sugar harvest. The Nazis controlled an area which contained 30 per cent of all Russia's cattle, 50 per cent of its hogs, 60 per cent of its iron ore, over 30 per cent of its coal, almost a quarter of the machine-building industry, and over 35 per cent of its pig iron and steel production.

Because of these extraordinary losses, the Soviet Union has little compunction about taking what it can in Germany and eastern Europe.

Summarizing the Soviet methods of penetration of the eastern European economies, it was stated above that there are two long-term devices to be considered. The first of these refers to the agreements setting up monopolies controlled by the U.S.S.R. and either Hungary or Rumania.

By an agreement signed in August, 1946, Russia and Hungary undertook joint exploitation of the latter's resources over a period of five years. Joint companies were outlined for mineral extraction, manufacturing, the development of the chemical and electrical power industries, transport, banking and agriculture. A substantial part of this program is under way. In the capitalization of these joint companies the Soviet share has usually been derived from assets in Hungary which Soviet representatives had appropriated as former Nazi property due it under the reparations agreements with the Allies.

Similar principles have been followed in the penetration of Rumanian economic life. Joint companies were prescribed for navigation, oil and other extractive industries, mining, and metallurgy. Recent reports indicate that the Soviet representatives in these firms exert decisive influence. In Sovrompetrol (the Soviet-Rumanian oil company), for example, Russia now claims a 70 per cent interest on the basis of its own calculation of the capital it and the Rumanians contributed. Because Sovrompetrol suffered some losses owing to the low prices set by the Rumanian government in 1945 and 1946, the government was obliged to pay the company $4 million in compensation, over half this amount in free foreign exchange.

Nationalization of industry and economic planning (which constitute the second of the two long-term techniques of the Molotov Plan) go together in the economic life of eastern Europe today. All the satellites have taken over much industrial enterprise in their countries, and plan-

ning programs of varying duration have been adopted in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and Bulgaria.

Czechoslovakian state-controlled industry now produces one third to a half of the country's textiles and cotton thread, two-thirds of its agricultural machinery and four-fifths of its electrical motors. Two years ago the government nationalized the leading heavy and manufacturing industries, and state trusts now control almost three-quarters of total industrial capacity. Still more industry will be nationalized under the new Communist-controlled government. In Poland all the basic industries are state-owned or operated, and they employ half the entire industrial labor force.

Economic planning and nationalization in the other satellites is not so significant as in Poland and Czechoslovakia, since these two countries are the only industrial areas under Russian influence. Thus far there is not much evidence that the U.S.S.R. is gearing these plans to its own five-year plan. All Russian and Russian-inspired planning aims at rapid and steep increases in the level of industrial production, since the whole Soviet sphere suffers considerably from a lack of manufactured goods. As soon as this need is met, Soviet planners will undoubtedly co-ordinate the economic programs of the satellites, and integrate them with the Soviet plan itself.

The final technique of the Molotov Plan, which has short-term and more lasting significance, is the network of trade agreements. This method is generally identified with the whole of the Molotov Plan, although it is but one of its more publicized parts. The conclusion of many trade pacts among the satellites after the announcement of the Marshall Plan gave this feature of Russian tactics prominence in the moves and countermoves that followed America's offer to Europe. But this method was used by the U.S.S.R. long before Commencement Day at Harvard last June 5. In reply to Secretary Marshall's historic speech on that occasion, however, the Soviets accelerated the pace at which they had been tying the satellite economies to one another and to Russia.

Between 1945 and June 5, 1947, the Soviet Union concluded eleven important agreements with its satellites, while only one such agreement was made among the satellites. From June 5 to the present, however, Russia has made seven important agreements with the satellites, while the latter have made ten such pacts among themselves. It is therefore clear

that the U.S.S.R.'s answer to the Marshall Plan was the expansion of its own Molotov Plan to bind the satellites to each other and to strengthen their economic ties to the model state in the East.

The trade agreements in general provide that the Soviet Union export to its satellites grain, coal, coke, cotton, ores, and metals. In return the satellites are required to send Russia textiles, finished materials for the construction industry, railway equipment, industrial equipment, and machine tools. Thus Russia sends raw materials and food and receives manufactured goods and equipment for its industries.

By such pacts the Soviets are hoping to accomplish two aims: to relieve immediate shortages of consumer goods, and to gear the foreign trade of the satellites to its own economic plan.

It is not surprising that Soviet leaders are anxious to supply the Russian people with the clothing and manufactured articles which they so badly need after thirty years of concentrating on heavy industry and after a devastating war. But it is trying to do so by stripping eastern Europe of its own meager stocks of these items. Most of the satellites are even less industrialized than is Russia and suffered almost equal destruction; they cannot afford to ship the very types of goods for which they themselves have great need.

The second purpose of the trade agreements is to increase Soviet trade with the countries of eastern Europe. Judging from its monopolization of eastern Europe's foreign trade in 1945-46, it was the U.S.S.R.'s clear intention to exclude the West from trade with the satellites, which have been Europe's source of food. More recently it has become obvious that the satellites want to trade with the West because that is the only way they can convert their food surpluses into the manufactured goods and machine tools they need for a higher standard of living and for industrialization.

Trade between Russia and eastern Europe was abnormally low before the war. According to League of Nations data, Russian prewar trade with all of the present satellites represented less than one per cent of the latter's total exports and imports. But in 1945 and 1946 their exports to Russia under the trade agreements and the reparations programs made it virtually impossible for the satellites, except Czechoslovakia and Finland, to trade with any other country, and it is now doubtful that either of these countries will continue as exceptions.

Just how much harm can come to all of Europe if its eastern and western halves are prevented from trading with one another is evident from a review of the pattern of their prewar trade and a consideration of what the U.S.S.R. has to offer the satellites economically.

Before World War II eastern and southern Europe sent food surpluses to western Europe in exchange for manufactures and industrial equipment. The countries that are now Soviet satellites obtained from 63 per cent (for Czechoslovakia) to 87 per cent (for Finland) of their imports from the United States and the nations now associated in the Marshall Plan. In addition, the satellites sent from 62 per cent (for Czechoslovakia) to 94 per cent (for Finland) of all their exports to the West. Their trade with Russia, as has already been noted, amounted to less than one per cent of their entire foreign trade.

The crucial question for the designers of the Molotov Plan is whether Russia can take the place of the West in the economy of eastern and southern Europe. At present this is undoubtedly impossible. The satellites themselves are perfectly aware of this fact, as was shown by their willingness to join the conference on the Marshall Plan last summer.

It is clear from the pattern of the trade agreements that the satellites cannot look to the Soviet Union for consumer goods; actually they are sending such goods eastward. As in the past, Russia, in its Fourth Five-Year Plan, is stressing the upbuilding of heavy industry rather than consumer goods industries. While the five-year plans have raised Soviet productive capacity, it is still far from able to supply its own people with the articles of decent living which they have been patiently awaiting for decades. It is estimated, from Soviet data, that if the 1950 goal for consumer goods production is attained, it will give the nation only a fifth more of such goods than were available before the war.

The only other industrially advanced country in the Soviet orbit is Czechoslovakia. Although it is in better condition than its fellow satellites, Czechoslovakia cannot substantially fill the gap in the supply of industrial production that resulted from the virtual Soviet trade monopoly in eastern and southern Europe. In fact Czechoslovakia now faces a foreign exchange shortage, and may soon join the countries that deeply feel the dollar crisis.

It is now apparent that whatever political success the Molotov Plan has enjoyed, its economic aims are likely to remain unrealized. Unable

to complement the satellites' economies because it wants to import and export the same classes of goods, the Soviet Union can maintain control only by extreme political methods. This is one reason for the establishment of the Communist Information Bureau, composed of the Communist parties of the European satellites and France and Italy. And it is one reason for the recent move upon Czechoslovakia and Finland. Under the Molotov Plan eastern Europe can for some years look forward only to low standards of living and increasingly direct Communist political control as it becomes necessary to enforce the avowed Soviet aim to wreck the Marshall Plan.

All of Europe will suffer because of the elimination of trade between its complementary eastern and western areas. The countries of eastern Europe face further reductions in their standards of living because of losses through reparations, occupation costs, war booty, restitution, and undisguised seizures of property. They are being bound further, by joint companies, planning programs, and trade agreements, to a country from which they cannot expect to receive the kinds of goods they need for at least a decade, and possibly a generation. The resulting pattern will be one of increasing political extremism and repression, unless eastern Europe finds it possible to re-enter the economy of the rest of Europe and the world.

EUROPE AND THE MARSHALL PLAN

By MARY SARAN

IN ANNOUNCING PLANS for a Western European Union, Mr. Ernest Bevin remarked (January 22): "Perhaps the most important development that brought all this to a head and caused the whole issue of Europe to be focused was the proposal by Mr. Marshall of the European Recovery Program." Later, Walter Lippman called this "the greatest compliment that a European could pay to Americans."

The advance from the narrowness of the Truman Doctrine to the Marshall Offer, and the developments it set in motion, seem of decisive importance for Europe and America. Yet a considerable section of the British people, including both supporters and opponents of the Labor Government, dislike or at least feel uneasy about Mr. Bevin's *unqualified* compliment to the United States. They believe that American generosity should be duly appreciated. But many are acutely aware that the American fear of communism, which is more widespread and is at least an equally powerful motive behind ERP, has many less idealistic roots.

Mr. Bevin's supporters would probably argue that it was only an exaggerated conception of diplomatic necessities which determined his choice of language. He may even have set out deliberately to choose his words in contrast to that attitude which condemns or suspects everything American—an attitude which, while striking so many American visitors to Britain as unfair, is nevertheless very common, especially among European progressives. The trouble is that discussion of the Marshall Plan, like that of many other issues, has largely been distorted because it has

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Written before the fall of Czechoslovakia and therefore historical in some respects, this article gives an impression of some of the basic European attitudes toward ERP. MARY SARAN left her work as social welfare worker and teacher in Berlin in 1933 and came to Britain where she has since served as lecturer, writer on international affairs, translator and interpreter. She is a member of the Editorial Board of the London *Socialist Commentary*.

been conducted in the atmosphere of political power-tensions created by the fight between Russia and the United States for strategical positions. In this atmosphere discussion has become a matter not of argument but of political faith. The one side proceeds with irresponsible outright opposition; the other ignores the dangers and may even indulge in blind reliance upon ERP as a remedy for all European problems. Yes, matters were brought to a head by Mr. Marshall's offer. But the immediate effect (and this may be difficult for Americans to understand) caused Europeans at least as much anxiety as relief. For it meant that they were caught in the increasing polarization of international political life before they could know whether the Marshall *Offer* would ever become a *Plan,* or be an adequate plan and be adopted in time to be more than a relief measure.

Russia's refusal to co-operate and the enforced withdrawal of her satellite states destroyed a hope that many Europeans were loath to abandon: that of preventing the division of Germany and Europe. That they had to abandon it was brought home to them by the establishment of the Cominform. If this was directed essentially against America, the struggle takes place in Europe, and one of its worst effects is that it improves the chances of reactionary forces, of such would-be dictators as de Gaulle. The split in the French trade unions—perhaps inevitable in the circumstances, and indeed an unexpected, welcome sign of vigor on the part of progressive French workers—nevertheless leaves the working class weakened for the present and near future. When Britain and France accepted the Marshall Offer, both Mr. Bevin and Mr. Ramadier went out of their way to renounce any intentions of a "Western Bloc"; and, as often before, this was echoed all over Europe by Western European statesmen and party leaders. Is it surprising that many who are not under communist influence have looked with considerable suspicion upon the attempt to start a Western Union? Will it not after all be the dreaded "Bloc," the American bridgehead on the Continent, the final step which condemns Western Europe to be the theatre of a war between the two major powers? This anxiety is not destroyed by the realization of Russia's responsibility for the division of Europe and for the Cominform, nor by the irrefutable evidence of Europe's need for American aid, which caused even the Italian communist leader Togliatti to say at first that "Italy could not afford to refuse it." The shadows of American-Russian conflict which fall over an impoverished and exhausted Europe and make it a scene of gloom—worst

in Germany but strong elsewhere on the Continent and in Britain—have accounted for the unpopularity not only of Russia, but of *both* big powers.

Apart from the communists, however, there has been little out-and-out hostility to the Marshall Plan. Some groups on the right have attacked it on nationalistic grounds; for example, the French anticommunist weekly *Carrefour,* which continually blames the Government for being too soft with the United States, or in Britain the Beaverbrook press, which has run a very demagogical campaign against Marshall aid. A Conservative member of Parliament, Mr. Eccles, voiced the sentiments of this section, though not of his party, in a more responsible paper, the *Sunday Times,* when he wrote on November 9th, 1947: "We might slough off most of our foreign commitments, including Germany, Palestine and India, arrange deals within the Sterling Area, tighten our belts and fight our way out again. . . ." And he hoped that "the Americans will so shape the Marshall Plan that we do not have to make the wrong choice."

On the whole the middle-class, capitalist attitude has been one of agreement in principle, welcoming particularly the political and strategic purpose, in other words, the containment of Russian expansion. But mixed with this is a certain apprehension of American economic domination and possible interference in the internal economic matters of their countries—except, of course, if interference were to be directed against nationalization or other "socialist experiments." Business circles dislike as a rule that aspect of the Marshall Plan which is most progressive, the encouragement of European economic planning. Some, especially on the Continent, do not welcome European union because they fear to lose opportunities for trade with Eastern Europe.

In the labor and social-democratic camp of Western Europe opinion is unfortunately still very divided. Where communist influence or that of "fellow travellers" prevails in the trade unions, co-operative movement, or even in socialist circles (most conspicuously in Italy in Nenni's party, which in its policy is no longer distinguishable from the Communist Party), this is not surprising. A completely irrational belief in the dogma of class-consciousness and in the duty to resist America as the main capitalist enemy has been the main factor here. Support for the Marshall Plan by the AFL, and especially by the CIO (James Carey's statement to the World Federation of Trade Unions), has had some effect in countering

this influence. Support for the Marshall Plan in the ranks of the British Labor Party, on the other hand, has rarely been unconditional, although the fight against "political strings" now looks very much like shadow-boxing. For there seems little prospect of any American wanting to hand the communists such a weapon! Nationalization or other socialist measures and probably even communist governments are not likely to be banned in the texts of the Marshall Plan agreements.

The more immediate dangers are that the aid granted is not enough for recovery and that it cannot be relied upon for the whole period. But even if this problem is resolved satisfactorily, the danger of European dependency upon the United States remains, and it is a serious danger. The financial and economic ties which are inevitably involved, whatever form the aid may finally take, and however legitimate the reasons for attaching certain conditions, may endanger social progress and political independence. The degree of danger will no doubt depend largely upon the way in which ERP will be administered and controlled. The State Department element, at least under the present President, is preferable to representatives of sectional interests who might use their influence to defeat competitors at the expense of the European peoples' interests. Moneyed interests may rightfully expect certain safeguards. But is it unrealistic to expect that they may at one time or another find possibilities to interfere with economic policies which are anathema to them? The governments of other smaller or weaker states might be in an even worse position. There are other possible dangers in the American desire to get control over all strategic raw materials, and there may be at a later stage (the unreliability of American foreign policy has become proverbial) attempts to restrict Western European trade, or certain kinds of trade, with Eastern Europe when it may be vitally necessary for Western Europe to maintain these connections.

To deny these dangers, even if they are voiced loudest by communists, would betray a very superficial judgment. But it is equally superficial to be content with the platonic demand for "equal independence from Russia and America." Nor would it really be a sign of independence if today, as is often suggested, Western Europe were to try to adopt the same attitude toward Russia and America. Russia's policy is to impoverish and disintegrate Western Europe. The only correct answer to this is to resist it, while co-operation with America, despite all the reservations socialists

and others have to make, is justified in the interest of Europe's recovery and integration. An advance of Russian-controlled communism in Europe means, apart from increased danger of international and civil wars, a deadly immediate threat to all democratic and socialist ideals and to the movements which struggle for their realization. Under the American umbrella this struggle may be difficult, but it can continue. Its success, however, and the only chance for European countries to liberate themselves from the tutelage of any great power, depend on the successful use made of the one Marshall Plan "string" which can tie the nations together for their salvation: the integration of Europe, starting, by force of circumstances, in the West. What are the chances of its achievement? And what would achievement mean for peace and progress?

On January 25th, in a broadcast over the BBC, Douglas Pringle pointed out that the idea of a wider association of nations in Western Europe had "suddenly become common currency. It no longer seems new and daring, but obvious and practical. And perhaps it is only when ideas do spring up in this way that a government—or at least a democratic government—can find expression for them."

Yet many Americans were disappointed about the lack of a dynamic response to Mr. Marshall's call for unification. A customs union, if not a full-grown political federation, was what they expected. To the Europeans this seemed too daring and neither obvious nor practical. Whether we like it or not, as a result of national, political, and economic divergences and other factors, some of which have been referred to in this article, integration in Western Europe has proceeded cautiously and in piecemeal fashion.

In this difficult democratic advance towards integration by successive stages, the urgent question is: What is to be the source of the necessary driving force which can overcome, before it is too late, the innumerable obstacles presented by selfish vested interests of all kinds and by the dragging force of lethargy, tradition, and prejudice? Fear of Russian expansion, economic necessity, outside encouragement by the United States—they all have produced the situation in which Western union seems the only "obvious and practical" thing to bring about. But none of these, nor all of them together, are adequate to achieve it. The dynamic drive, the cohesive force, and the wider appeal which are required can come only from the development of some ideological unity, from the integrating force of a common purpose for which millions are longing, but which

in the world of today is represented by neither Russian totalitarianism nor American capitalism.

The British Prime Minister, in his New Year's broadcast, and again in the speech he made to the House of Commons, January 23, expressed this need. In some of the more characteristic passages of his broadcast he said:

> Our ideas are not in any sense watered-down capitalism or watered-down communism; nor do they constitute a temporary halting-place on the journey from one creed to the other. Ours is a philosophy in its own right. Our task is to work out a system of a new and challenging kind which combines individual freedom with a planned economy; democracy with social justice. . . .
>
> This task . . . could not be accomplished by any of the old parties, nor by a totalitarian party whether fascist or communist.

A "Socialist United States of Europe"? That is, no doubt, an aim from which we are a long way off. As an immediate rallying slogan it is not appropriate, though by some left-wing groups it is thought of as a useful contrast to Mr. Churchill's "United Europe" appeal. But in Europe today the type of appeal which concentrates on a distant aim and which served its purpose in the pioneer days of socialist street-corner talks, is not adequate. What is needed is the practical application—often, in the changing structure of European society, imperfect and burdened with compromises in the day-to-day decisions—of the principles of Mr. Attlee. But it is important to proceed without losing sight of the aim, which, precisely in the present crucial stage of its practical realization in Western Europe, could be attractive to many more than those who are at present officially enrolled members of social democratic parties. The veteran socialist leader de Brouckère, commenting in *Le Peuple* on Bevin's statement, under the striking title, "Bevin Plan, Attlee Plan, Marshall Plan," showed the three pillars on which reconstruction in Western Europe must rest: the Marshall Plan, the starting point for economic integration; the Bevin Plan for a political-strategic alignment; the Attlee Plan, about which de Brouckère says it is "perhaps still premature to call it a plan," to provide the ideological unity.

The same problem was discussed in an editorial of the *New Statesman and Nation,* January 31, which refuted the conclusion reached by the *New York Herald Tribune,* by many other commentators in America as well as in Russia, and by Mr. Churchill himself—that Churchill's Fulton speech (in essence accepting for Britain the role of a junior partner

in an anti-Russian Power Bloc) had now become the Labor Government's policy. The *New Statesman* wrote:

> The peculiar difficulty which confronts the constructive critic is that there is no sharp dividing line between the policy of military containment and a genuinely socialist approach to Western Union. . . .
>
> The differences . . . are differences of aim and emphasis. They color every detailed decision, but at the time of the decision they never appear as matters of principle. Only cumulatively do they add up to a fateful policy decision.

The term "Third Force" was first used in France and for the present center coalition which struggles under such precarious conditions to save her as a free country in the midst of bi-polarization by communists and de Gaullists. It is equally or more applicable to the international force which is needed to save the world from further involvement in a polarization between the two great powers and their ideologies and from the insanity of another war. If one looks at the painfully slow growth of a Western European Union, and its present dependency upon the United States, one might well despair of its being the starting point of an independent Third Force. But potentially it is not without power nor without an appeal which may eventually reach far beyond Europe.

Its task, however, cannot be to do the economic planning for the various governments included in it. Neither can it be to act as mere supporting agencies for labor governments or the socialist ministers in coalitions. Their function, in my view, should rather be to work out, as the broad program of the Third Force, the theme sketched by Mr. Attlee. They should imbue the movements in their respective countries with the same sense of urgency, of purpose and indeed of mission, thus enabling them to become guardians of the right "emphasis and aim."

PW TRAIN

By LOUIS M. TEITELBAUM

THE COLUMN OF PRISONERS flowed around a corner away from the train. Ahead of each of the Germans was an empty Namur street with the smell of the Meuse River, and perhaps a chance of escape. The overcast night was as dark as though it were still winter in Belgium, instead of April, 1945.

The American guard turned the corner and again saw the flashlight of his nearest fellow guard, far in advance. A little distance beyond the crossroad, the American stopped and looked back. No individual had broken the compulsion of the marching column to walk straight down the unguarded road.

German boots shuffled, thumped, and tripped over the cobblestones of the roadway. The prisoner smell swirled in the damp air, a bitter smell of unwashed bodies, of louse powder, of woolen uniforms soiled by body wastes in the packed prison cars.

Ahead of another turning there was a distant confusion of voices and a flare of white light. Truck headlights were directed against the opened iron gates of the prison and the heavy buildings of a former Belgian Army barracks beyond. The racket resolved itself into the shouting of orders by one man in Wehrmacht gray.

The staccato stream issued without apparent pause. As the prisoners came up to the gate they were stopped, reformed, and shoved by the violence of the rattled orders into a blundering rush within.

Without a word, Pfc. Ben Simons lowered himself to a strip of curbing and leaned his carbine against his leg. He lifted off his steel helmet and let it descend to hit the walk with a bang. His curly hair was matted and disordered. The strong light pointed up lines of fatigue at the corners of his dark eyes and rather full mouth.

This is LOUIS TEITELBAUM's first published story. He served as a private in the Corps of Military Police, European Theatre.

Pfc. Howe came off the line, walking with heel and toe striking earth together, sending a jar through his six feet three inches with each heavy step. He dropped beside Simons before he asked, "Is the truck here for us yet?"

"I don't know," said Simons, and the conversation died.

A plump soldier named Yates came over with the self-importance of a bearer of bad news. "Hey. You know we've got to hang around here until they unload another train. I just found out." Yates had arrived in the company from the United States only one month earlier. He alternated moods of deference to the older men with spells of noisy posturing to win acceptance as an equal.

"Hell," said Howe. "That means we're stuck for another hour at least. Are you sure?"

"Yeah, definite. Sergeant Allen told me and he got it from the camp officer." Yates sat down beside the other men, his self-satisfaction almost strong enough to overcome his own tiredness and resentment.

Simons looked at his wrist watch. It was one-thirty. Too dispirited even to curse, he stretched out on his back at the curb. The stone was too cold for Simons, who was thirty-five, to drowse upon, although several other men were apparently asleep. Yates was sitting up and staring at the prisoners. Howe leaned back with his eyes half open. The line of Germans huddled along five abreast, clustered to a halt, started, stopped, and hurried on. The staccato German bellow continued untiringly.

"Why the hell don't any of these guys ever make a break to get away?" Simons said, half to himself.

"I guess the poor bastards know they're lucky to be out of it," Howe said thoughtfully. "What in God's name would they want to keep on fighting for? I don't know why the whole damn country doesn't give up. They haven't got a chance, and they're getting the guts kicked out of them."

Yates spoke up, his voice going almost to falsetto in his eagerness to get in his point of view. "Any of those goddam krauts that would try to get away from me would get a slug in the belly. You remember that bastard that got shot on the last trip? Boy, I wish I'd been the one to get him."

Simons turned his head with annoyance to the young soldier. "That poor fool got so crazy when the train stopped in his own home town, he walked right off in front of one of our fellows."

Howe said, "Yeah, he must have been out of his mind."

"If they really wanted to get away, there were plenty of times when we stopped in the night in Germany." Simons' voice asked himself a question and did not answer it. "There were times when some of them could have just have walked off, and none of us would have noticed."

"What's the difference why, as long as we didn't lose any?" Howe said.

Simons shook his head, but did not answer.

Yates said with real longing, "I sure wish I had a chance to knock off at least one German for myself."

"Sure, you're combat," Howe remarked with bitter humor. "Why didn't you get yourself in the infantry?"

Yates opened his mouth as if to answer, but closed it and remained quiet.

The last straggling prisoners passed the gate, and the shouted orders cut off. The noise of feet died away. The headlights were turned off, and the night was relieved only by a few dim lights within the enclosure. The talk of the Americans was disproportionately loud in the stillness, and imperceptibly the voices stopped or shaded into whispers.

Sergeant Allen, in charge of the guard detachment, walked wearily back from the gate. "The count gives us one more than we started with." His drawn face had a wry smile.

"Where did he come from?" Howe asked.

Allen found himself a place to sit down and leaned back. "A little old fellow got picked up in the first guard car at Aachen. They let him off the train ahead of us, and he couldn't get back on fast enough. He hung around until we came along. They say he acted like our boys saved his life when they let him on our train." The sergeant laughed with an undertone of contempt.

The darkness was very quiet. Beyond the gate, the prisoners might have vanished into a pit. It might have been half an hour, or only a few minutes before the headlights went on again. The iron spikes of the gate and the guard huts were thrown into ugly brilliance. The street carried

again the shuffle of feet and a few distant shouts. The rustle became louder, and the head of the next column materialized within the light.

They were officers. Their rank was evident more in their bearing and in the superior quality of their clothing than in their insignia. Their march had an even deliberation that retarded and resisted the few guards. One of the Americans barked a futile order to hurry them and then was silent. The slow uniform tread of the Germans did not break or change. The highest officers were in the first rank, and one of the colonels had a monocle intact in his eye. Their garments looked neat and well tailored, not as if they had been worn in box cars like the flapping clothes of the inferior ranks. It must have been impossible, but their boots seemed to shine with fresh polish. One of the lieutenants limped up on a wounded leg, but he was supported on the shoulders of two comrades, and his step was in the rhythm of the march.

Howe demanded of one of the new guards who fell out, "Why the hell do you act so gentle with the brass?"

The strange soldier said defensively, "We treated them the same as the others. They were packed in like all the rest, and if they tried any funny business, they got a kick in the pants."

"They looked as if they were taking it a lot easier than most of the PW's do," Allen remarked.

"Oh, well, we didn't feel like running up from the station ourselves," the guard said, and walked to the other side of the street to find a seat.

Simons said, "These officers are the ones that ought to get treated the roughest. They were handing out orders, and the others were just taking them. They may not have started the war, but at least they had more to do with keeping it going than those poor bums who are getting the kicking around."

"Yeah," Allen agreed. "Brass gets treated like brass, even in a spot like this. You've got to admit, though, that they were the only ones that looked like soldiers."

A mass of more of the ordinary Germans followed the several hundred officers. The uproar and the herding were renewed. It was the more intense because the Americans were anxious to get the night's work finished, to make up for the time lost by the slow, resisting pace of the officers. These Germans scurried obligingly. The barking of the German sergeant flowed like the magnified key of a fast telegrapher.

At long last it was done. A truck took the Americans to four hours sleep on a stone floor.

The next day, they rode another truck back to the Rhine, to a wooden floor, and eight hours sleep.

Thirty hours after the soldiers had left the prison camp at Namur, they were again on duty at another enclosure near Coblenz. Enormous wire pens had been staked out in a big field to accommodate the live remains of the disintegrated Wehrmacht. Singly and in procession, trailer trucks were bringing up loads of men, bulging out the wooden sides and the tail straps. From the pens where they were temporarily permitted to rest in the mud, the prisoners were marched up to a railway siding. As fast as the trains could be brought up and filled, they were pulled out.

On a muddy side of the trail across the field from the stockade to the siding, Simons dropped to rest in a squat during a lull in the patrol. Ten minutes passed with no one crossing the field. He got to his feet and walked toward Howe, fifty feet away.

"God, I wish I could get a bath," Simons said. "I feel as dirty as one of the hogs in your pig pen in Tennessee."

A grin spread over Howe's stubbly face. "I've seen those pigs looking a lot prettier than you do right now. And smelling nicer."

"You have?" Simons was needled into raising his voice momentarily. Then he grinned back. "Well, you're no perfume counter yourself. If I weren't upwind from you, I couldn't get close."

Howe said calmly, "I bet they've got more than fifty thousand of them in that stockade."

Simons let his eyes run along the long wire and the men in the mud behind it. "I don't know if there are that many. It's hard to tell, though."

Yates sidled over. "How long do you think they're going to keep us hanging around before we get moving?"

"You're not getting tired, are you?" Howe asked nastily.

"No, but you'd think they'd get us loaded and out of here."

"That's the Army, son. Hurry up and wait." Howe grinned with unnecessary sarcasm over the old joke.

"They're coming again," Simons said, and walked away to resume the spacing between guards.

When they got aboard their train, Howe, Yates, Simons, Sergeant Allen, and two others were in the guard car back of the engine. It was about half the size of an American box car, and smelled of oranges that had decayed within it on its previous journey. Half the car was filled with water cans and boxes of rations. In the center, between doors that were kept open, they improvised a stove out of an old G. I. can, and set it up on four bricks. Straw covered the end of the car where the men would sleep.

Behind, there were two other guard cars, at the center and end of the train. Forty-three other cars, some closed, some without roofs, carried more than twenty-two hundred prisoners.

Allen at once went to sleep. The others stayed at the openings, gazing at the Rhine as it came into view, or at the long train when one curve or another brought it into sight at the rear. After a time Howe lay down. Another man began to hammer boxes open in search for the can of chicken that sometimes got included in the rations. Simons put on a mess cup of water to heat when a coke fire got burning properly in the stove. He set his helmet on a water can, and fetched his razor, a bar of soap, and a rather dirty towel out of his bundle. A mirror would have been helpful, but he washed and shaved without one.

Two of the men remained at the doors. The locomotive halted frequently, and when it did, they would jump off and remain on watch until the engineer gave a warning whistle and the train started again.

In the afternoon the train stopped at Remagen. A dozen of the prisoners were ordered out to carry water and boxes of rations to their fellows. The food, being in small cans, was easy to distribute fairly, and each man got the equivalent of two meals. The water was poured from five gallon containers into the water bottles of the prisoners. Sometimes after the empty water cans were handed out of a car, one man or another clamored that he had not got water, and was ignored.

The American soldiers who were the train crew inside Germany lounged near the locomotive. Simons asked one of them how long the train would stand there, and then took off by himself into the town. He arrived at the river where it was crossed by a pontoon bridge, downstream from the collapsed Ludendorf bridge and the first bridgehead over the Rhine.

Seen close by, the river was no more nor less than a river. But it was a symbol of history, of Caesar's crossing in second year high school Latin, of Wagner's operas. It was a personal achievement of magnitude that he, Pfc. Ben Simons, had penetrated here. He walked down the bank below the last pontoon. A single jeep came upon the roadway above him, and he waited while it made its way across the planking. Beside the shore, the water was clear beneath a film of dust. Farther out it reflected blue sky and flashes of sunlight.

When the jeep had gone out of sight, he looked about self-consciously to make sure no one was watching. Then Simons dipped the toe of one shoe deliberately into the water, the water of the Rhine.

He shook drops from his foot, twisted his head again to see that no person had witnessed his foolishness, and scrambled up the bank. When he walked back, he was feeling as much of a lift as if he had accomplished something important.

The train went on, stopped, went on, stopped.

Sergeant Allen caught Yates leaving duty to go inside one of the prisoners' cars. It carried five women, combatants of the German army, and in uniform. Yates had left his shotgun outside, in the hands of another guard. Allen was furious.

"I wasn't doing any harm, sarge," Yates complained. "They didn't have any chance to get away."

"What the hell do you think you're on this train for? Stay out of that damn car," Sergeant Allen ordered violently.

"Okay, but I don't see what's wrong with having a little fun. After all, they're only women."

"Yeah? I ought to turn you in. Maybe you'd feel different about those females if you had a buddy shot by a woman sniper." Allen made a vicious sweep with his arm. "Go on, get on guard!"

Yates walked up the line mumbling to himself. When he got to Simons, standing alone in the sunlight, he growled, "I thought that Sergeant was a pretty good guy. He's just plain chicken."

Simons brought his thoughts back from a long distance and looked up.

"Damn it," said Yates. "I want to be treated like a man. I'm as good as Allen or anybody else."

The whistle blew. They ran to get aboard.

At the next stop, Simons was on duty. Prisoners clamored at him for permission to come upon the ground to relieve themselves. Simons motioned to two men with heads above the side of a coal car that they might come out. The crowded car next to that one was of the box car type. For ventilation, its door was left with a three-inch opening, and fastened by a twisted strand of baling wire. The guard started to undo the wire, but it was slimed over and he withdrew his hand with disgust. A young man inside accepted the order of a pointing finger and eagerly untwisted the wire. The door was shoved open to the width of a man's body. A tide of the hot, fetid atmosphere poured out from the crowded men, and Simons recoiled to a farther distance.

The young man jumped down. A gray-haired man staggered off, went to his knees in getting to the ground, raised himself with difficulty, and tottered between two of the cars with his garments swaying like a collapsed tent around a pole.

Simons ignored the cries of more men to come out at the same time, except once to hurl a stone that bounced off below a descending foot. He did not want more out than could be quickly loaded when the engine started again. He took three steps at last to find out why the old man was taking so long, and found the German wretchedly throwing away strips of his ruined underwear.

The American felt pity for the sick old man with his miserable dysentery. He obviously should have had medical attention, but there was nothing to be done for him until the end of the journey. Simons shuffled his feet and took off his helmet to scratch his head. Within the straps of the helmet liner was a packet of paper that he had put there for his own convenience. Reminded of it, he called to the old man, "Hey, you!"

The German raised his gray face. Simons tossed the packet of tissues toward him. The sick man looked with amazement at the guard for a long moment before he bent over and scrabbled for the paper. Simons smiled a little and then his face became glum and he turned away.

As it became dark, something went wrong with the brake system on the train. Wheels kept locking and catching. The train crew could not work out an adjustment. The locomotive would not pull the whole train, so the crew pulled half the cars to a siding, detached the engine, and went back for the disconnected remainder.

Simons parked himself on a pile of timbers behind the point of the separation. Howe was somewhere along the side.

The night was very quiet. In the northeast, flickers of red light rose and fell. It was like the fireworks display of a July night at home, not like the fiery extinguishment of a vast pocket of German resistance in the Ruhr.

He lit a cigarette. The cars squeaked and whispered. Somewhere a dozen low voices chorused a sad song. A tin can was flung out of shadow and thwacked against rusting iron.

A flashlight picked its way over the clutter of torn track and burned out rolling stock next to the train. The beam lit Simons briefly and then Sergeant Allen came to sit beside him.

Allen's voice was unconsciously low. "I never can get over it how different things are here from the States. I was on a couple of detachments guarding PW's when they brought them over from Africa." He borrowed a match and touched fire to a cigarette. "We had a whole company along to guard a train. More than two hundred of us to five hundred of them in the United States. Here we've got just eighteen against twenty-two hundred odd. Right in Germany."

Simons also felt the compulsion of the night to speak close to a whisper. "They don't try to get away. I can't figure why at least some of them never try it. We can't be all over the place all of the time."

"Yeah. When I was coming down just now, I caught a guy outside one of the gondolas. I just watched him. I don't think he saw me, because I was quiet, and I didn't have the light on. But he finished what he was doing and climbed right back inside."

The northeastern horizon flared with a series of white flashes tiny in the remote distance. The singing stopped.

"You know," Simons said, "I think it's habit more than guards that stops them from getting away."

"They must be dropping bombs over there," Allen said. "What do you mean, habit?"

"Maybe discipline is the word. They get it drilled into them and drilled into them to do what they're told. When, finally, they've got a couple of sloppy G. I.'s handing out orders instead of German officers, they can't break out of the rut. Not even to get up and walk home."

"Well, that's one way of looking at it," Allen said.

"Sure, that's what it has to be. It's what they have in their heads that keeps them prisoners, not what a few American soldiers have in their guns."

There was a little grin on Allen's face. "If some of those boys started to walk off, I bet the others would yell like hell to make them come back. They'd be afraid it would make it tough on the rest of them."

"I suppose you're right." Simons struck a match, and looked at his watch before he put the light to a new cigarette. "Say, it's about time for my relief to come on."

"Yeah." Allen raised himself to his feet. "I'll see if they're coming."

The train was standing when Simons went to sleep. He woke for a moment in the night to feel it in motion. When he woke again in the morning, it was standing in a yard at Bonn. It started again while he was heating his breakfast.

As they turned toward the west, beyond the wrecked margins of the city, the sight of civilians brought the Americans to gape at the doors of the guard car. It was not that the presence of children, women and old men was unusual; it was the large number of them along the track. Singly and in groups in the meadows and orchards along the rail line, they were waving and cheering. They seemed not to see the Americans. One wrinkled farm woman had a long branch of a flowering fruit tree, and white blossoms swayed to and fro above her head. Some of the girls were pretty.

Yates licked his lips and said, "Boy, could I go for some of that!"

Simons looked along the pointing finger. As they watched, the young woman ducked behind a tree and seemed to cry. But before they had gone beyond range of vision, she put on a big smile and was jumping up and down windmilling her arms at the men in field gray.

The train ran for more than an hour before it stopped again. Simons made his way back across a small stream over which the train had halted. Someone spoke in English and he saw a brown uniform, the color of old corn, at one of the car openings. Simons let the man undo the wire fastening and come down.

"I did not know there were any Hungarians on board," he remarked in a not unpleasant tone.

"Yes, sir, there are a few of us." The Magyar glanced back with distaste at the men in gray. "We were sent to serve with the Germans, but

it was not our choice." He whispered, "We don't like the Nazis any more than you do."

Simons laughed with a hint of skepticism. "You talk English pretty well."

"I learned it at college." The Hungarian smiled uneasily and focussed intently on the guard's face.

Simons walked away, stopped suddenly, and came back to the Hungarian. He held out a pack of four cigarettes. The man started to snatch, pulled his hand back, and looked carefully at Simons' smile. Then he accepted the cigarettes politely and said, "Thank you so very much."

"I don't suppose that you know anything about the city of Miscolc, do you?" Simons asked. "My wife had a relative there."

The Hungarian's smile became more intimate. "I am from Miscolc. It is—" some of the pleasure left his face "—it was a fine city."

"Did you ever happen to know a violinist named Djuri Israels?" Simons asked hopefully. "We haven't heard from him since the war."

The Hungarian repeated the name with doubt and shook his head. "No, I do not think so." Suddenly he recoiled with something like fear on his face. "A Jew?"

"Sure. What did they do to them there?"

"I do not know. I was not there."

"What the hell do you know?" Simons glared at him. "What were you going to say?"

The Hungarian glanced apprehensively over his shoulder and again with fear at the guard. "I was not there. I only heard about it from one of my comrades. He said that last July, before the Russians got to Miscolc, the Germans forced the Jews who were still left into a train. The train stood in the sun for three days. People of the city heard them crying for water, wailing for water. The Jewish people were their friends, and the townspeople tried to take water to them. The Germans drove them off with their guns. It was the Germans that did it. We Hungarians could never do such a thing. I swear it."

"What happened to the train?" Simons demanded.

"I do not know. I never heard. No one knew."

"Get back in your car." Simons jerked his gun up.

The man ran to vault up, shouldered the door toward the closing, and refastened the wire.

Simons strode away along the track. He picked up a heavy lump of roadbed gravel and threw it violently at a squatting German. It struck the man's foot and he looked up with a start, his face stupid. He began to fumble with his clothing. Simons bent for another rock, and the prisoner scuttled up the side of his car with his trousers open.

In the open car standing above the little stream, several of the prisoners had tied their water bottles to long strings and were attempting to fill them. Simons banged a stone against the steel side. Watching the aluminum bottles jerkily ascending, he looked through the space between two cars.

A prisoner was standing twenty feet beyond the other side.

Howe must have been patrolling somewhere over there, but none of the guards was in sight. Simons bellowed at the top of his voice, "You! Get the hell back on the train." The man did not turn.

The safety on a carbine makes a tiny click, almost inaudible. But with that small click, the prisoners on the cars were suddenly very quiet. The silence was so loud that it seemed that the man who had broken imprisonment must hear it trumpet at him. Not merely the hubbub of talk had been cut, but the scraping of leather and the brush of wool against wood had disappeared.

The prisoner was in clear view beyond the coupling of two cars. He was not going away, but bending over the running water to fill a half dozen of the water bottles.

As Simons raised the carbine, it occurred to him that if it were fired it must be cleaned quickly, or the barrel would rust. He did not have oil or cleaning patches.

The prisoner at the brook set down one of the canteens and lifted another to fill it. Simons gave another shout that sounded very loud to himself, but the man with his back turned remained oblivious.

He was technically a fugitive by the laws of war. No one in authority would question Simons' right to fire upon him. Maybe he had been one of the soldiers who had stood by and let a young Hungarian Jew agonize of thirst in a July sun. The Germans had not been tender with their own prisoners. They had starved Americans whom they had captured. They had tortured and they had murdered. . . .

It was no use. Simons could not kill a thirsty man getting water. He put his hands upon the filthy, unpleasant coupling and climbed toward the other side of the train.

Suddenly the prisoners were noisy again. They screamed at their fellow beside the stream to come back. For the first time the man looked up to see his peril, and started to scramble up the bank. One of the water bottles fell out of his arms, and automatically he bent to retrieve it. Simons made a motion, and he let it lie and rushed up to the security of his confined comrades. His hatless head showed for a moment over the side. He was very young.

The engine whistle blew, and Simons ran for the guard car. He was panting when he got in. It seemed strange that he should breathe so hard from so little exertion. It was as if he had himself escaped from the weight of some terribly threatening danger. When one of the other men took over the post of guard from him, he dropped to the straw. He was asleep almost at once.

Clatter and jerk when the train stopped woke Simons up. After a minute he opened his eyes. Every one had gone out of the car except one other American sleeping beside him. Simons was back in a world of smells. Smells of dry straw, of straw wet by spilled water, of the sulphurous burning coke, of old oranges, of the prisoner stink that crept in everywhere. He raised himself to a sitting position and rubbed at the grit and glueyness in his eyes. He got up and went to see what was outside.

On one side of the train, a little rail yard had been badly pounded. Burned-out remains of coaches and locomotives were in a confused pile. Fifty yards away a length of track had fallen from the air upon a two story house.

On the other side, two young women were waving their arms from outside a second track that had been repaired for traffic. A village clustered on a slope of rising ground, apparently undamaged. The women called out to the prisoners and there were a few answering words. Bits of paper flicked from the train to the ground, and the women ran to gather them up. Yates dashed toward the women, shouted, and waved menacingly with his shotgun.

Howe came to the door of the guard car with a ration box filled with fresh coke. "Give me a hand with this, will you, Ben?" he asked. Simons leaned over to lift the box inside.

Somewhere outside there was the flat bang of a shotgun.

The two men looked at each other, and Howe ran off. Simons rushed to the side of the car to pick up his carbine. Looking out one side, he could see nothing unusual. From the other, he saw Yates hurrying toward the guard car.

"What happened?" Simons demanded.

Yates climbed inside, opened the breech of his shotgun to blow out smoke, and did not answer.

"What the hell happened?" Simons repeated urgently.

Yates fumbled with his pack hanging on the car wall, and asked, "Got a butt on you?"

Simons gave him a cigarette and a match.

"I just shot one of those women," Yates said. "I was shooting over her head to warn her away, but one of the slugs was too low." He inhaled deeply. "I told those women to get away, but they kept coming back. Say, they can't do anything to me, can they? We're supposed to keep civilians away from the train, aren't we? It was her own fault."

"I don't know," Simons said. He let himself down from the car and walked back.

The prisoners were not talking. A few of them looked at the American with hate, but they turned their heads as his eyes passed over them. Several were snickering as they gazed at the woman.

She had kicked the skirt above her waist and she had been wearing nothing underneath. She lay quietly now on her back, with no more than a spot of red on her forehead.

The other girl who had been running along the train earlier kneeled beside her. Ignoring the watching American, she rose to her feet and called hoarsely to the prisoners, "Sie ist kaputt." None of them answered her.

Simons turned and walked farther down the track. One of the scraps of paper lying on the cinders caught his eye. He picked it up and unfolded it. It had only several lines of pencilled writing, "Wilhelm Furt, frau—Anna Furt, Friedrichstrasse 187, Frankfort am Main. Ich lebe." Simons felt eyes upon him. He folded the piece of paper that would let a wife know that her husband was not dead, and dropped it where he had found it.

Sergeant Allen came stamping down the cinder path with anger on his face and in the snapping of his legs. "Damn that stupid jerk. Why the hell did they ever put a gun in his hand."

Simons studied the quiet prisoners. "I wonder if he wanted to kill that woman."

"Oh, hell no. It was an accident. But the damn fool could have killed me too. I was standing just a little way from her. He ought to know how a shotgun scatters."

Simons clucked sympathetically, but without really hearing. "I thought that shooting might stir up the Germans," he said. "I guess they aren't going to do anything, though."

"Even if he had a rifle, he ought to know better than to try to shoot over somebody's head around here," Allen said viciously. "No, those PW's aren't going to try any funny stuff." His angry stare fastened on Simons, but after a moment he stalked away without saying more.

Simons went back to the guard car, and escaped from the eyes of the Germans. The soldier on the straw was still asleep. Howe left the car and wandered over toward the station. Simons sat down, got up, threw some lumps of coke on the fire, fumbled with cans of rations, and threw out a half empty can of stew with a violent sweep of his arm. He poured water into a mess cup and set it beside the fire. He opened a can of crackers, sat down again, and began to chew.

There was not very much noise outside. Howe finally came back. "Getting chilly, isn't it?" he remarked. He swung one long leg up over the floor of the car and pulled himself aboard clumsily. "I found out that woman had a couple of kids. Her husband got killed in the war." Howe looked at Simons' drink. "I guess I'll fix me a cup of coffee too."

"Do you know if they're going to give Yates a court martial or anything?" Simons asked.

"No, I guess it goes as line of duty. There's some kind of a town mayor here, and he's taking charge of the body."

The locomotive began to puff noisily. Allen came in, sat down, and stared gloomily at the last of the setting sun. The train was moving before the last two men swung themselves up.

A wail from young children rose beside the track, but it faded back into the rattling of the cars.

Yates wandered about the car without ever seeming to be able to get face to face with any of the other men. With a hopeful smile at Howe's back, he said in a voice that attempted to be humorous, "I ought to cut a notch in my gun." Howe turned his head. "For shooting a German," Yates explained.

Howe moved away ponderously and spat out into the growing darkness. He came back to lift off his heated cup of water. The red glow of the burning coke lit his black stubble and heavy eyebrows, and an expression that did not admit that Yates was in the world.

Yates looked at the others, but somehow everyone's back was toward him. He made his way toward the end of the car, and staggered as it jolted over an end of badly repaired rail. The sleeping man woke under his shoe, and complained, "Why the hell don't you watch where you put your feet?"

Yates lay down and pulled a blanket over his head.

The one who had slept through everything but the accidental kick in his ribs sat up, swaying with the lurch of the train. "Something smells good," he said. "I guess I'll have some chow, too."

TAFT-HARTLEY AND THE PRINTERS

By FREEMAN CHAMPNEY

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that the Labor Management Relations Act of 1947, which was supposedly designed to smoke out communists, put a crimp in the CIO, and chivvy such bogeymen as John L. Lewis and James Caesar Petrillo, has hit the union printers more devastatingly than any other organized labor group. More than 2,500 printers are out in nearly 20 jurisdictions including Chicago and Kansas City. Court actions against the International Typographical Union are pending in half a dozen cities. In February, the union members voted a 4½ per cent special assessment on their earnings for the next year to finance court costs and strike benefits—which latter are running nearly $500,000 a month.

In addition to these legal and economic body blows, individual printers everywhere are being subjected to a sort of war of nerves. The daily papers, the news magazines, and the trade journals are constantly running stories and articles about the "Revolution in Printing"—chop-licking reports of new processes, machines, and assorted gimmicks which are supposed to take the individual skill out of printing and replace the grizzled craftsman with a gum-chewing female fresh out of high school. Since a printer's skill and knowhow are not only his bread and butter but a large part of his pride and self-respect, he is being threatened with even more than the destruction of his union and his high wage scale.

Not very many employers of printers are weeping over the situation, to be sure. But it would be an exaggeration of employer sagacity to say that they planned it that way. The Taft-Hartley law was a scattergun affair and it was loaded with whatever nuts and bolts, broken bottles, old bedsprings and miscellaneous hardware anyone had around handy at the time. That it has largely missed its primary targets and winged the ITU

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is probably just one of those things that happen when Congress designs legislation aimed at correcting abuses of economic power but full of jokers inserted by the representatives of opposing economic power. But it is interesting to see how it came about and speculate on what is apt to be the outcome.

II

The ITU is not only the oldest continuously active union in America, but it is one of the most democratic and responsible, and it has built up a huge structure of member-benefits. Death benefits, running from $50 to $500, are paid to the beneficiaries of all deceased members. A printer who has 25 or more years continuous membership in the union, and has reached the age of 60, may retire on a pension of $14 a week. There are 7200 printers now on the pension rolls. The ITU built and maintains a home for ill and aged printers in Colorado Springs that is one of the showplaces of Colorado. No employer-contributions go into these benefits. They are entirely paid for by dues from working printers.

Up until recently, this ITU benefit setup has looked like an outstanding job of fraternal accomplishment for security and peace of mind. Since the Taft-Hartley law, however, it is coming to look more and more like a substantial set of hostages to fortune. Every generation of working union printers is paying the pensions and death benefits of the generation before it: and it is counting on the next generation to pay *its* benefits. Obviously, any marked decrease in the number of union printers will endanger the solvency of the whole setup. Without closed shop contracts —human nature being what it is—dues payments and membership are very apt to languish.

A union composing room, moreover, is an institution of long standing and has features which are unique in labor-management relations. The foreman, who is a union member, does all the routine hiring and firing, calls in subs and opens new situations (jobs) when needed. The front office boss has to go out in the shop and look if he wants to know who is on his payroll at any given time. But the boss also gets value received in many ways. The union takes the responsibility of keeping the composing room adequately manned and each composing room chapel not only enforces rules for the benefit of the members but it maintains its own discipline and sees to it that each printer delivers a fair day's work for his pay. In many a newspaper shop, the composing room goes to

work hours before the office force, editors, and executives, and it goes to work squarely on the stroke of starting time. A printer gets the collective raspberry for being late just as surely as he gets strenuously discouraged from doing a lick of work after the quitting bell.

Most of the details of job tenure, seniority, regulations covering overtime and callbacks, vacations, and days off which create so many grievances and personnel office headaches in other manufacturing plants have long been matters of union jurisdiction in the ITU. They are provided for not only by use and wont but by provisions in the International by-laws (which are adopted, altered, or repealed by referendum vote or by annual convention action). Each chapel and each local also has shop rules and by-laws and a complete system of enforcement and appeal has been developed over the years which is practically a special branch of jurisprudence.

It takes a six-year apprenticeship to become a union printer (although the time may be shortened by recommendation of the local and the employer and approval by the International Executive Board). This apprenticeship includes a thorough set of technical lessons in the craft which are issued by the ITU's Bureau of Education (and cost the employer nothing). Equally important, an ITU apprentice gets an informal and often unconscious education from his journeyman brothers in the traditions and usages of the trade, responsible and efficient workmanship, and democratic unionism—a type of living education that no personnel office, with all the punch cards and psychological tests in the world, can duplicate. The union rules include provisions that an apprentice must be given opportunity to learn all the branches of the trade—to block the sometimes more profitable procedure of teaching him one little segment of the craft and keeping him there until someone dies. Union laws also limit the number of apprentices per shop to a ratio of the working journeymen.

Employers inevitably prefer a labor surplus; employees a shortage. The scarcity of printers has been a major factor in the boosting of their wage scales since the war—a boost both absolutely and relatively greater than for manufacturing wages as a whole. This is a sore point with employers, who blame the union's limitation on apprentices for the labor shortage. But the ITU statistics show that from 1929 to 1941 its members averaged 17.40 per cent below full time wages; during 1942-44 the average

was 7.04 per cent below; and for the lush years 1946-47 only 4.56 per cent above. Currently the union has 7,000 enrolled apprentices to 87,000 journeymen. These are averages, of course. In some areas, printers have been earning fabulous amounts of overtime—usually because housing is so inadequate that additional printers are not attracted.

It should be remembered that union printers have by no means a monopoly on the trade. Many of the smaller cities and towns are completely unorganized and there are open shops in most of the larger centers —including such giants as R. R. Donnelly and Sons of Chicago and the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia. Which is one of the reasons why when a shop is organized it becomes a closed shop. The union procedures are simply not adaptable to a some-are-and-some-aren't basis within a single composing room. A great many printers, however, come into the union as journeymen, having learned their trade in unorganized areas or shops. If their records are clean of "ratting" or strikebreaking and they are technically competent, they seldom have any difficulty in joining. Union scales tend to set the wage standards for both open and closed shops and there is seldom any great competitive cost differential between the two.

It may be asked why the ITU doesn't go along with the "union shop" procedures authorized under Taft-Hartley. There are several reasons: in the first place, a union shop agreement requires an NLRB election, in which a majority of all eligible voters—not merely of those who vote—is required. The eligible voters have to be certified in advance by NLRB investigation of employment records.[1] If a voter does not cast a ballot, for whatever reason, it has the effect of a vote against the union (there are cases on record where employees died between certification and election and were duly recorded as negative votes). But an employer is under no legal obligation to agree to a union shop regardless of the election, so all of this lengthy procedure may go for nothing.

In the second place, under a union shop contract, new employees need not be union members. They must, however, join within 30 days. The joker here for the ITU is that admission to membership is not the

[1]A *New York Times* Wire Service story of February 16th estimates that certification of eligible voters in the building trades will cost the government over a million dollars. The unions and the employers will also have to spend substantial amounts of time and money just on this preliminary checking.

formality that it often is in the larger unions. An applicant's record must be gone into, he must satisfy the union that he is a qualified printer and pass a physical examination, correspondence must be carried on with the jurisdictions in which he previously worked and notice of his application must be published in the ITU *Journal*. Nor is all this merely a union device for limiting its membership. A rejected applicant may appeal to the International Executive Board, which may reverse the decision of the local. A reading of the decisions in these appeal cases (they are all published fully) shows that such cases get fair hearings.

Under the new law, a man may not be refused membership in a union if he is ready to pay fees and dues, nor may a union expel a member for any reason except such nonpayment. This deprives a union of authority to reject unqualified applicants and seriously weakens its powers of discipline—while leaving it liable for damages from such causes as wildcat strikes. The ITU goes to considerable trouble to insure that its members know their trade (not a simple or unimportant matter in so complex a craft and one in which situations and printers are so interchangeable). The whole structure of rule and practice which prevails in a union composing room is based on the closed shop, and it centers around a union foreman (foremen are no longer "employees" under the Act). Considering all of these complexities it is not surprising that the ITU has declined to try to fit itself into the Taft-Hartley version of union shop.

It should also be remembered that the printers have enjoyed and perfected their closed shop advantages and procedures for over fifty years and that the bulk of their gains were secured long before the Wagner Act came into being. They quite understandably look upon their traditional position as something they have won for themselves and are entitled to —not as something a New Deal government gave them and a Republican government can take away.

A large part of this structure of rule and custom was suddenly outlawed by the Taft-Hartley law. The closed union shop was illegal, union foremen were banned, the secondary boycott was outlawed (union printers have long been able to avoid being forced into remote-control strike-breaking by declaring a given job "struck work" and refusing to handle it). When the ITU assembled in Cleveland last August for its annual convention, it faced a desperate situation. Major keystones in its union security had been put beyond the pale of the law. If it accepted what

Congress had cooked up for it, it stood not only to lose hard-won gains and lifetime working patterns, but to jeopardize its elaborate benefit structure. It faced the prospect, in other words, of the practical destruction of itself as a union.

What the convention did was to adopt its now famous "no contract" policy, which had been worked out with the best legal brains of the AFL. It provided that no written contracts between ITU locals and employers should be negotiated which involved the loss of the union's traditional rights and prerogatives. Since several of these were now illegal the policy amounted simply to no contract. As contracts expired, the local would try to reach agreement with employers on wage scales and other points at issue not under the taboo. Whether an agreement was reached or not, there would be no formal, signed document covering the entire customary subject-matter for contracts. The union would post on the shop walls a statement of "Conditions of Employment" which was merely a unilateral announcement of the terms under which union printers would work—legal or illegal, take it or leave it.

The strategy was that the law could not compel a signed contract if no agreement had been reached, and that if every individual member chose not to show up for work, there would be no tangible grounds for invoking penalties against union officials for calling illegal strikes. The typical conflict pattern in the struck areas since last summer goes something like this: the employers refuse to discuss wage increases until they are assured of a written contract along Taft-Hartley lines; the union sidesteps and counters with a specific wage demand. If conciliation is unsuccessful, a strike ensues. Both sides have stayed within the law and given themselves a good front to present to the public: the employers piously insist on the law and accuse the union of demanding that which is illegal and refusing to bargain in good faith; the union's position is that it is striking for a wage increase comparable to the rise in the cost of living and that the employers are refusing to discuss it.

Naturally enough, those sections of the employing group—newspapers and commercial shops—which were eager to bring the union to its knees moved in for the kill with drooling anticipation. After some years of being on the other side of the fence they could now wrap themselves and their shiny hatchets in the law. The *Editor and Publisher* for November 22, 1947 called on the ITU members to repudiate the "no con-

tract" policy and likewise its officers who, it said, were trying "to bypass collective bargaining in good faith; to avoid federal law and federal agencies." The commercial printers' trade association, the Printing Industry of America, set out to raise an Emergency Fund from its members (sending them invoices, no referendum involved here) with a red-ink box in its regular bulletin appropriately entitled "Muscle." Undoubtedly there are some employers who have joined in the union-busting unhappily, because of pressure from fellow-employers or an honest inability to go along with the union's position.

NLRB complaints and injunction suits have been filed against the union in some half a dozen localities. The NLRB has asked the Federal District Court in Indianapolis (International headquarters) to enjoin the ITU from calling strikes against newspapers anywhere in the country and from continuing the Chicago strike. The petition would also have the union enjoined against "forcing" employers to grant the closed shop, to hire only union foremen, or to pay for work not performed. Also against engaging in strikes or slowdowns to compel employer acquiescence in any such illegal objectives. A more recent suit, by the Allied Printing Employers of Philadelphia, asks $380,000 for "refusal to work overtime" and asks an injunction against the union's collecting its own defense assessment from its own members (who voted the assessment by secret ballot).

There has not been a united front among employers by any means, however. New wage scales and agreements have been made by some 130 locals in the past few months. Whenever the employer is more interested in doing business as before than in union-busting, there seems to be no great difficulty in getting together and keeping the wheels turning. Wage rates are negotiated and agreed upon in aboveboard fashion. The taboo matters are left hanging in the air with neither party willing to be caught looking at them squarely. There is a sort of informal, nonverbal, visceral understanding that things will go along as they always have.

The basis of the legal charges against the ITU is that it is engaging in an unfair labor practice by refusing to bargain in good faith and trying to enforce that which is illegal. There can be no question but that the charges are true in a sense—but it may be a semantic rather than a legal sense. The union will not bargain in the sense of seriously considering the acceptance of what it considers suicidal conditions (any more than

an employer would "bargain in good faith" on a proposal to establish his private office in the wash room, or to pay a bonus of 200 per cent of his profits). "Good faith" in practice seems to imply that the subject-matter is proper for give-and-take compromise and horse-trading. The union is adamant in not undertaking to concede those issues it considers essential to its security. On the closed shop issue, there is again no question but that the union is aiming to detour around the roadblocks thrown up by the law. But whether the employers and the NLRB can jam the letter of the law down the ITU throat is another question. The factor of use and wont is a powerful influence. Many an employer will see no reason for working up a sanctimonious sweat over working relationships he is used to and has profited under.

The union position in the courts is apt to be a willingness to bargain until the cows come home—relying on the fact that no one is required to reach an agreement on anything and that "good faith" is a highly subjective factor which the courts may hesitate to be dogmatic about. As for enforcing the illegal closed shop, the union can maintain that it is not enforcing anything, that union printers simply develop an overpowering urge to go fishing when a nonunion man goes to work in their shop. If the ITU maintains its unity in the fight, it may have a good chance of winning by default, since printers are in short supply and cannot be trained overnight. Also because union printers, as a group, are a highly literate, respectable, and responsible group of citizens. They swing a lot of weight in any community and will not smear easily.

The ITU has two internal political parties and there might be a possibility that the "outs" will try to blame the union's current embattled desperation on the "ins" and make a political issue out of a retreat from the "no contract" policy. Certainly some newspaper publishers and other employers are devoutly hoping that this will happen. The fact that the August convention adopted the "no contract" policy unanimously after thorough discussion suggests that this development is rather unlikely. The only notable revolt within the union has come from inside the Akron, Ohio local and seems to have aroused very little sympathy elsewhere. Some commentators and columnists—David Lawrence is the one quoted —have tried to give the public the impression that the ITU is menaced "by a small group of dictators from within." Anyone familiar with ITU democratic procedures—secret ballot elections, complete monthly financial

reports, revision of the union constitution only by secret referendum ballot by the membership, verbatim publication of convention proceedings, freedom of any local to initiate referendum proceedings—knows that the charge is absurd and viciously irresponsible.

The whole situation is bad from any viewpoint. It is expensive for the printers, the employers, the government and the public. If the ITU succeeds in its policy it means transferring basic issues of management-labor relations from the clear responsibility of public clarity and written contracts to a sort of underground speakeasy area of negotiation—or a situation of cold war and constant suspicion and ill will. If the ITU is defeated, it will mean that one of the best trade unions in America (in democratic organization, responsibility, and achievements for its members) is wrecked by its own successes—that by building so outstanding a structure of security and benefits, the union became too vulnerable (which would hardly be a forceful argument for the virtues of free enterprise). Whoever wins, one of the most advanced areas of skilled industrial democracy in the country is being torn apart.

III

Important support (strategic rather than tactical bombing) is being given to the war against the printer by technology. The Chicago printers went out in November but the Chicago papers are still coming forth each day. This fact has been widely publicized and the impression given—to the general public and the printers still at work—that the printer is about to join the dinosaur in the tar pits of history. There are obvious reasons why other newspaper and magazine publishers should give such a story a hearty play. They have contracts coming up for renegotiation with the ITU also and their bargaining position will not be injured if the impression gets around that they could replace printers with stenographers any time they wanted to. This same bias is obvious in the news-handling on ITU strikes.

The Chicago process involves typing up straight matter, pasting the typed material into columns and pages (with headlines of cardboard display letters something like anagrams) and reproducing pages or parts of pages by photoengraving. A mat is rolled from the photoengraved page and the process proceeds normally to stereotyping and presswork. An important factor in the Chicago situation has been that the commercial printers are still at work. Display advertising has been farmed out to the

commercial shops for setting and the commercial-shop union men have been forced to scab on their newspaper brethren by producing such "struck work."

An analysis of the results of the process in *The Guild Reporter* discounts the notion that the Chicago papers hardly miss their printers. The article finds three major headaches in the new order of things. First, photoengraving takes time. It is estimated that it takes about two and a half hours to get an important news break from the copy desk to the finished papers—which is about four or five times normal. This same factor of slowness increases the pressure and the waste in the news rooms and copy desks. Nerves are said to be fraying and tempers going up as the coffee goes down. Second, the legibility of the new papers is poor, especially in the small type sections, such as classified ads, stock market reports, and radio programs. Third, the consumption of newsprint is much greater than normal. Fewer words per page means more pages. *The Guild Reporter* estimates that the wage increase denied the printers is considerably less than the cost of the wasted newsprint. And newsprint, incidentally, is still in desperately short supply and many small papers cannot get enough of it for normal operations (a fact which may temper the awe and admiration their proprietors might feel for the embattled moguls in Chicago).

The use of typewriter-produced copy for photographic reproduction in printed matter is nothing new. It has been standard practice in cut-rate photo-offset printing for at least ten years. For some types of commercial printing it is a satisfactory and economical substitute for the traditional typesetting methods. Several special typewriters are on the market for this sort of work: the Varityper (a direct lineal descendent of the old Hammond—which was once as cherished a part of the equipment of early twentieth-century intellectuals and linguists as Franklin motor cars of a similar coterie of roughly the same period) has the virtue of interchangeable type faces. A more recent development is IBM's Electromatic, which turns out a product that looks more like standard printing type but is limited to one face per machine. A still newer gadget is the Justowriter. Like a Monotype, this has two units: the keyboard unit punches a tape and the typing unit automatically turns out justified lines of typing from the tape.

Several Florida weekly papers are using a variation of the Chicago process which involves doing the photoengraving on magnesium plates and wrapping these plates directly around the press cylinders, thereby eliminating stereotyping. Magnesium is very light and fine-grained and it etches faster than the traditional zinc. But the process is still too slow for normal daily paper use and there are no paper mats available if a "replate" is necessary.

The best all-around judgment seems to be that daily papers *can* be put out without printers but that the result is awkward, messy, wasteful of newsprint, and plays havoc with speedy news coverage. A grapevine report has it that several of the Chicago papers which have new Linotype machines on order are just as anxious to get them delivered as they were before the strike. If this is true, it is a tipoff on the publishers' attitude toward the permanence of their present paper-doll method.[2]

But throughout this field of new processes and new equipment, one generalization is undeniable. The success of the union printers in getting high wages, controlling their working habits and shop conditions, and limiting their numbers is greatly accelerating the technological drive to cut them down to size. When a printer's wages run from $3500 to $4600 a year for a 37½ or 35-hour week, research expenditures, and high-priced laborsaving gadgets look like good business. The printers have kept their skilled status and their craft independence to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other group of artisans confronted by the drive of modern industry to chew up traditional skills into easily-learned and machine-controlled segments. Similarly, printing as an industry has been slow to consolidate into fewer and larger producing firms. The production of mass-circulation magazines, newspapers, directories, textbooks, catalogs,

[2]An important question—of perhaps greater social moment than what is to become of the printers—is whether the new processes will make it possible to break into the daily newspaper field in those small and medium-sized cities where one paper now has a monopoly. To break in, that is, with moderate capital. The answer seems to be: not yet, nor soon. A Varityper can be had for only 15 per cent or so of the cost of a Linotype. But equipment for photoengraving full-sized newspaper pages is expensive; the small paper that now buys its photoengravings would spend more for such equipment than it saved on its Linotype. Sharp reductions in the capital layout needed may come when lightweight plates are in sufficient use to push press manufacturers into designing less massive printing equipment, probably not before.

and the like does lead to giant printing factories. But there still remains a great volume of small and medium-sized work, most of it tailor-made, which supports the smaller shops. And which is likely to offer continued employment to the all-around printer who knows his whole craft.

Another important ameliorating factor in the situation is that printing is an expanding industry. The continued shortage of printers, paper, and printing machinery since the war is due to a demand for printing that remains on a far higher level than before. This expanded market can absorb a lot of new processes and new plants (and new un-printers, perhaps) without reducing the number of jobs for the craftsmen. There was a period before the war when photo-offset printing was the new thing and it was loosely predicted that the older, letterpress methods were doomed. What happened was that photo-offset did take over a sizeable segment of printing output and somewhat decreased the effective range of letterpress work. But the limitations of the process also became established and the expanded wartime market absorbed all that both offset and letterpress printers could produce. A somewhat similar development seems likely for the new "revolution."

IV

The larger social implications of the situation confronting the printers are hard to assay. In the total organized labor picture the printers are a numerically small group. They are important because they are an essential part of the process of public information and discussion. They also represent the apex of success for a labor group which has followed the traditional American policy of moderate trade unionism on a craft basis. As suggested before in this article, they are now threatened by their own success. They have been forced out on the end of a long and shaky limb precisely because they have so much to lose.

The ITU has never been a "radical" union. *The Reader's Digest,* not not so long ago, ran a lead article by William S. Hard extolling the ITU as a shining model for American unionism. Its members are men of property and substance and have considered themselves part of the aristocracy of labor—psychologically part of the middle class and economically well above the lower-bracket professional income levels. This favorable position has been achieved over a long period of time and by the union's own bargaining power and internal strength. The benefit

program has been an important source of the internal strength and an outstanding example of what a free trade union could achieve for itself.

But this whole structure has rested on two broad factors: a partial monopoly of a complex and slow-to-be-learned set of skills, and the ability to enforce its traditional and hard-won prerogatives in its bargaining. Now, and quite suddenly, both of these foundations are threatened. The Taft-Hartley law proscribes the traditional bargaining "musts" and a multitude of gadgets and processes threatens the skill. In this situation, the benefit program puts the union somewhat in the position of a man pushing an occupied baby carriage onto a battlefield. There is a limit beyond which the union cannot retrench, tighten its belt, and sweat out a lean period without going to pieces. It is doubtful if the Taft-Hartley architects were consciously out to destroy the ITU. They were after bigger and more politically leftist game. But if the printers are knocked in the head it will be too late to say, "Oops, sorry." There will be a bitterness that won't remain unpolitical and there will have been an open demonstration that for a union to succeed too well under the free enterprise rules of the game is suicidal.

The ITU cases will be a long time in the courts. Quite possibly a new Congress will revise the law before the Supreme Court has settled the current legal struggles. There seems to be some doubt, however, if the rank and file labor vote against Taft-Hartley supporters will be as large or as solid as it might be. Many unions have been only slightly affected to date because they had much less to lose and their large, loose-knit organizations are more flexible and have not yet arrived at the advanced salients occupied by the printers.

Quite possibly too, the ITU will make its policy stick in the courts—in the Supreme Court, at least. Labor legislation had previously restrained strong-arm interference with union organization and set up rules for fair collective bargaining. The Taft-Hartley law singles out procedures which had previously been legitimate goals of the bargaining process and makes them unfair labor practices. In effect it says, "You must bargain, but you may not have this and this and this whether you can get them or not." In the case of the printers, they are denied the possibility of bargaining for what they have long had and without which they may not be able to survive. Unless the proscribed practices are clearly and unequivocally in violation of public policy, the law would seem to be a violation of

freedom of contract—as well as an infringement on good old "due process." A responsible court ruling would seem to require an examination of each of the Taft-Hartley "unfair labor practices" with the burden of proof on those who think they can justify such restrictions. Court decisions at the lower levels, however, are apt to be monotonously anti-ITU.

Some of the same employer groups who fought child labor legislation, minimum wage laws, the Wagner Act, and the Wages and Hours Law are now smiling blandly and saying, "We'd love to give you this but we can't violate the law." However, the look-who's-talking argument is neither sound law nor sound morals—however much it relieves visceral tension. Neither is the practice of refusing to obey a law until all available legal talent has been mowed down by the Nine Old Men. But the issues in the two cases may have important differences. One of them is that the ITU stand is not so much a refusal to comply as a refusal to put itself in a position where it would have to comply. Another difference would seem to be that between laws designed to establish basic standards in the interest of the general welfare and laws which outlaw previously legitimate bargaining objectives won in the free market. A closed shop undoubtedly makes possible severe abuses (few of which are to be found in the printing trades, however) and the legislative prevention of such abuses is entirely legitimate. But this calls for a delicate and skilled job. The Taft-Hartley law, on the record to date, is taking out the patient's appendix with a steam shovel.

If a federal law can so restrict the subject matter of collective bargaining, can outlaw the craft solidarity of the "struck work" tradition, make unions and union officers liable for damage suits (while at the same time prohibiting unions from disciplining their own members), and put the NLRB and the Federal Courts at the service of anyone who files a complaint, we have a pretty good beginning for a fascist labor policy. The relatively quiet state of the national labor scene since passage of the Taft-Hartley law has several possible explanations. The idea that it is really not such a bad law after all is not one of the smartest of these explanations. What is happening to the ITU may only be a small sample of what will eventually happen to labor in general if these early skirmishes result in defeat for the printers.

LITTLE MAGAZINE, WHAT NOW?

By PAUL BIXLER

ANYONE who wants to consider the fate of the little magazine today must give at least preliminary attention to the book on the subject compiled by Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Caroline F. Ulrich.[1] This necessity occurs because the little magazine historically has had its sources in many a backwater and obscure literary freshet. The book charts much undiscovered territory and anyone who would set foot in the area now must examine its map although some of the guide marks may prove mistaken. *The Little Magazine* is an "authority," to be reckoned with even when it is contradictory, confused, or dead wrong.

Hoffman-Allen-Ulrich fix the beginning date of the little magazine movement as 1912. This would take on more significance if the authors had set the fact in its socio-literary context. Although there were a scattering of little magazines before that time, it is true that little-magazine publishing became a phenomenon only after *The Masses* (begun in 1911), *Poetry* (1912), *Blast* (1914), *The Little Review* (1914), *The Midland* (1915) had established a pattern. (It is characteristic of the authors that they chose the year and the appearance of *Poetry* rather than of *The Masses* to fix the movement.) But the years 1910-12 also saw the end of the muckrakers. That the little magazine was preceded by the muckraking journal and by its accompanying literary ferment, Hoffman-Allen-Ulrich seem entirely unaware. From their story one gets an impression of considerable literary excitement, but it appears to be an excitement which arose out of little more than a superior sort of spontaneous combustion.

The book's better part is its bibliography and index, upon which the authors (chiefly Mr. Hoffman and Miss Ulrich) have showered in more than 200 pages a meticulosity and precision well beyond what is normally expected in such matters. The 540 little magazines listed in one bibliographical alphabet and the 96 "fellow travellers of little magazines"

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[1] *The Little Magazine*. Princeton University Press. 1946. $3.75.

listed in another are given life histories (or obituaries) replete with inclusive dates, places of publication, editors, most frequently published authors, and often a thumbnail sketch of policy and contents. The bibliography is obviously not exhaustive yet it has been receptive of anything in English or under American editorship. One of the characteristics of the little magazine in English, too little remarked upon, is its geographical spread. A hundred and thirty-nine of the 540 little magazines and 43 of the 96 "fellow travellers" are listed as published outside the United States. The majority of these foreigners or expatriates appeared in Britain or on the European Continent, but it is interesting, if nothing more, to find three of them published in Mexico, three in Spain, eleven in Australia, three in the USSR (at Moscow). Eric Bentley has shrewdly remarked that the little magazine movement has not been so much international as homeless. But that truth should not be allowed to obscure the accomplishment of the bibliography, which, after a manner of speaking, documents it.

Not so much can be said of the rest of the volume. In somewhat more space than they have given to the bibliography and the index, the authors have attempted a "history." The plan has been to divide the little magazine into types (about which more later) and to intersperse chapters on each type with chapters of chronology. This turns out to be a kind of glorified expansion of certain items of the bibliography. These pages give evidence, for one thing, of the great inbreeding among many little magazine editors and authors, but that is a fact with which Hoffman-Allen-Ulrich never come to grips; of the social setting within which the little magazine movement took place we get very little. Instead, we are regaled with endless details (interesting enough in their way) of authors, editors, and particular magazines; we are fed gossip and given a grabbag of odds and ends.

In the brief concluding chapter, and even more clearly in the introduction, the authors make a stab at the criticism and the social history presumably necessary to the job they have set themselves. The relationship of the little magazine to the main stream of literature turns out to be its relationship to commercial publishing. In the literary world, according to the authors, the little magazines are the advance guard breaking the way for the large commercial operators. As they put it,

> The commercial publishers—the large publishing houses and the big "quality" magazines—are the rear guard. In a few instances they are the rear guard because their editors are conservative in taste, slow to recognize good writing; but more frequently the commercial publishers are the rear guard because their editors will accept a writer only after the advance guard has proved that he is, or can be made, commercially profitable. Whatever the reason for their backwardness, few commercial houses or magazines of the past thirty years can claim the honor of having served the advance guard banner; they have discovered and sponsored only about 20 per cent of our post-1912 writers; they have done nothing to initiate the new literary groups. To their credit, it may be said that they have ultimately accepted any author, no matter how experimental, after he has been talked about for a period of years—sometimes a good many years.

Now there is partial truth in this pattern, but nowhere in the book is it examined critically for its social or literary implications. Instead, it is accepted mechanically and "proved" statistically. One would immediately question, as a sample, the idea that the little magazine is a feeder of the big "quality" magazine. For every William Faulkner whose stories have made *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The Atlantic Monthly* there are ten other graduates of the little magazine whose skill in short fiction is small or whose short stories will rarely, if ever, be accepted by the commercial magazines. Book publishers should have their profession correctly represented, too. They do not compete directly with magazine editors—even little magazine editors. They are looking for books, not short stories or essays, and since the young writer will frequently and sensibly begin with less ambitious efforts, it would be fairly normal for his first work to appear in little magazines rather than between boards.

That 80 per cent of our post-1912 writers have been the discoveries of the little magazines is now by way of becoming a literary cliché simply because Hoffman-Allen-Ulrich have asserted it as fact, and because the statement, an easy one to repeat, has been taken up by reviewers. Its documentation is not in the book but in an essay "The Advance Guard" by Charles Allen in *The Sewanee Review* (summer, 1943). Here Allen traced the beginnings of 60 writers "generally accepted as representative of the various literary and philosophical outlooks" whose first work appeared after 1912, and found that 90 per cent of them published their early work in little magazines. (He deducted 10 per cent "as possible margin of error.") In his selection of writers Allen was partial to poets and he left out of account at least another 60 writers of quite as great importance (such

as Bernard DeVoto, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner, John O'Hara, Thomas Wolfe, Dorothy Parker). But it is not so much his figures, faulty enough as they are, that seem strange, but the fact that he used figures in the first place as the basic element in his and his fellow authors' estimate of what the little magazine has been worth.

The little magazine, then, has been historically both more and less than Hoffman-Allen-Ulrich allow. It has a place both in social and literary history which they do not so much deny as neglect. It has been more than "revolt" and experiment, and advance guard. And on the other hand, it was not altogether the great literary hothouse of the '20's and '30's that they make out.

II

Just what is a little magazine? Allen-Hoffman-Ulrich divide the field into six classes—poetical, regional, leftist, experimental, critical, and eclectic—and all are given chapters in their book. In this pattern they reflect the decision of Allen in his earlier essay, who remarked after setting up his categories: "One can make such divisions provided one does not take them too seriously." (Though most of the rest of the paragraph in the essay was incorporated in the book, this one was dropped.) Elsewhere in their book they say of their categories:

> Each of the six groups of periodicals that we have mentioned contributed valuably to a regenerative literature. Perhaps those magazines devoted to the experimental philosophies and techniques . . . have most clearly performed the advance guard function. The regionalists or proletarians [leftists] might, and sometimes did, attain recognition without little magazine help, but the experimentalists rarely could rely on such fortune.

In this paragraph the authors offer a strange, hesitant questioning of the structure of their book and of its chief idea as to the nature of the little magazine. I am inclined to agree with the questioning. In spite of all the space devoted to them, the six categories seem to be casual devices not to be taken "too seriously." Three of them—poetical, experimental, and critical—could be better explained simply on form—respectively, on the poem, the short story, and the critical essay. The eclectic type seems to be a kind of cross-section of these three and there are hints that on its upper levels, it shades out of the little magazine group into what the authors term the fellow traveller. This leaves the regional and leftist categories, which seem clear enough, but you will note in the above paragraph

that it is these two which have not so clearly "performed the advance guard function."

And the performance of this function is, to the authors, of supreme importance. It is so important that the word "little" in front of "magazine" is not really sound; in fact, "in a sense," the word is "vague and even unfairly derogatory." The correct term is *avant-garde.* And it is so inclusive that anything outside it falls inevitably into the category of the fellow traveller.

We must, then, have the fellow travellers defined for us. They include undergraduate literary magazines and periodicals devoted to arts other than writing, but the best examples seem to be the quarterly reviews, "not money-minded," but the "intelligent, dignified, critical representatives of an intelligent, dignified, critical minority . . . conscious of a serious responsibility which does not often permit them the freedom to experiment or to seek out unknown writers." Except for *The Yale Review* and *The Virginia Quarterly,* whose stability and respectability and advertising are now beyond questioning, the reviews and most of the other fellow travellers could be called little magazines that have made good. Many a little-magazine editor today, will be found yearning to join this more or less successful group if only in terms of a relative economic security.

In their "Conclusion" the authors project the pattern of a literary phenomenon of the '20's and '30's into the present and the indefinite future. In their original analysis they inadequately examined the social and cultural background against which the little magazine developed. And at last having saturated themselves in the fascinating lore of personalities and isms and cultural tidbits, they cannot conceive but that the *avant-garde* will go on and on. For the future they briefly examine a number of possibilities and wind up

> Finally, it is possible that the *avant-garde* will become conservative, even reactionary, in its theory and practice. It is not altogether ridiculous to imagine a revolt, sponsored by little magazines, against what are now viewed as revolutionary literary forms and styles. A cry for "Intellegibility!" may arise from the rank and file of unknown writers, who may forthwith establish mimeographed sheets quoting from the poems of John Greenleaf Whittier and other "primary" writers. This, however, is the least likely of all probabilities.

It may be unlikely but it is not out of character with what the authors have given us on page after page as the core of little magazine history.

Why, one might ask, does the little magazine have to go on forever being adolescent or as these authors put it, *avant-garde*? New magazines and young authors will always have fresh enthusiasms. But does all growth take place in a vacuum and has all the experimenting been done in vain? The truth is that there are already, and have been for some time, signs of maturity. Since we are in search of the nature of the little magazine, let's discard such words as *avant-garde* (which has been applied to all and not, as it should be, to *some* little magazines) and find terms which will apply not only to what the little magazine has been, but what it is today and what it could become. Let me suggest a working description:

Size. It must seem obvious that the little magazine is a small enterprise. Not only is it not brought out with the idea of making a profit, it frequently, even with financial help, is lucky to make ends meet. Its editors often serve without pay, and its contributors, if they do not serve similarly, receive no more than pin money. Its circulation may be a few hundred and it cannot rise to more than a few thousand; many a little magazine has begun with a readership made up of its editors, its contributors, its would-be contributors, and their personal friends. Usually the format is not self-consciously small, but the lack of advertising (such are popular standards) will at least make it seem small.

Stability. Just because a magazine is little it does not follow, as one might suppose, that it must collapse after a couple of issues. One editor of the 1920's put the limit of a little magazine's vitality at two years, but this kind of thing seems an idiosyncrasy of the times, when it was fashionable to let a magazine die and then a few months later to found another with a purpose barely if at all distinguishable from that of the first. The little magazine can live as long as its editors have ideas, good health, and sufficient funds. It usually requires a subsidy. Supplementary funds may be furnished by a university, a book publisher, or a literary-minded fat cat. It has been suggested that the federal government give assistance after the manner of the Federal Theatre Arts Project, but a more logical idea would be for the federal government to allow, or even encourage, authors currently in the money (from Hollywood sales or best seller successes) to contribute a portion of their heavy income taxes to the support of little magazines or similar literary and artistic ventures. (This at least would furnish a financial connection between popular and serious

literature.) In any case, the little magazine does not serve its purpose by going out of business. And its stability and continuation are probably as much dependent on an annual subsidy as on anything else.

Control. That the little magazine usually needs a subsidy in order to live and grow does not mean that it can safely accept control from anyone but its editors. Most institutions other than the academic will not assume the role of financial god-father for a magazine without also calling the editorial tune or even attempting to fill the publication with its own publicity.[2] The university, more sophisticated in intellectual matters, will usually offer a form of editorial freedom, but this, too, may be watered down by academic timidity, lack of conviction, or conventional restraints. Whatever the financial sources, the editors must be strong men, knowing their own minds and their own policy. Two or three editors are better than one but it does not follow that eight or ten are better than two or three. The little magazine lives or dies in its individual free expression, and for this result the editors must be both free and responsible.

Content. The little magazine cannot be a professional journal nor the organ of a professional society, but this does not mean that it cannot have standards of intellectual and artistic judgment. There has been a conventional decree that the little magazine must serve the cause of revolt. That decree comes down from the time when freedom was conceived principally as an opportunity for "blowing the lid off." So far as content is concerned, the little magazine is a small enterprise because its material is minor or unpopular or of limited appeal. Its fiction, through strangeness in form or subject, may be somewhat difficult to read. Its ideas may be socially (read "conventionally") difficult of acceptance or they may be hard to understand; they do not have to be half-baked nor must they be confined to the literary. If this definition does not seem to apply fully to the little magazine of the '20's and '30's, particularly in the area of ideas, please remember that I am speaking also of what the little magazine may become. I shall follow this up further on.

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[2]A notable exception is the Common Council for American Unity which subsidizes *Common Ground*. Allen-Hoffman-Ulrich do not list *Common Ground* even under the fellow travellers, but I should argue that it is a first-rate little magazine.

III

Let's look at the content of the recent little magazine. Of the total enervating mass of periodical journalism, the little magazine, though it reaches a relatively tiny audience, is no insignificant part. No one can pretend to complete knowledge of all of it unless he gives attention to little else. But a fair sampling should afford sufficient clews.

The pattern of little magazine fiction is difficult to establish. It may be said for one thing that its form is no strait jacket; gone are any strictures about the well-made story, the O. Henry or any other ending, and even the necessity of rebellion, revolution, or experiment. At first glance, also, the subject matter may seem to show as much variety as the form. Twelve of the thirty short stories selected by Martha Foley as the best for 1946 and ten of the thirty which she chose for 1947[3] were taken from little magazines. They share with the stories from the quality commercial group *(Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, New Yorker, Harper's Bazaar)* and from a scattering of the slicks *(Good Housekeeping, McCall's)* an emphasis on the theme of children (usually in relation to parents or teachers), on the individual's isolation from society, and a certain nostalgia for times past. But these little magazine selections differ from their fellows chiefly in two respects. They exhibit a greater awareness of social problems; eight of them, as against two from other magazines, include race relations as a major or minor theme or as part of the psychological atmosphere. And their characters and fictional situations are frequently unlovely and unpleasant. This latter characteristic would not be accounted bad if it did not sometimes seem to be cherished for its own sake—as though the authors were employing their writing as a defense against the outside world or even as a weapon whereby they could vicariously attack the unhappiness of their own childhood. I do not want to exaggerate this tendency; it is by no means generally true. But at its worst, in such a story as "The Cocoon" by John B. L. Goodwin a horror tale without any philosophical, moral, or social significance whatever and with a lonely frightened child as the chief character, publication would hardly seem justified.

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[3]Martha Foley, ed. *The Best American Short Stories, 1946* ($3) and *The Best American Short Stories, 1947* ($3.50). Houghton Mifflin.

In Miss Foley's collections, the fictional products of the little magazine have the special advantage of being placed side by side with some of those in the commercial journals. But they cannot be other than highly selective, and they are chosen by one person with special ends in view. A better perspective is possible if one examines the more inclusive work of particular magazines as made accessible in *Accent Anthology* and *The Partisan Reader*.[4]

Accent, begun in 1940, is one of the best of the academic little magazines. Its campus background (it is published at the University of Illinois) has not noticeably affected its freshness or given it literary inhibitions. Forty per cent of the bulk of six-years publication have been squeezed between boards. The fiction section indicates that the editors are hospitable to work of a considerable variety. It includes stories of social problems, of poetic mood, of experiment in form. There are psychological studies and fragmentary snapshots of Life. There is some tendency toward the foreign or unfamiliar setting, toward the nostalgic or quaint. The best story of the group is Walter Van Tilberg Clark's "The Indian Well," a perceptive, brilliantly-told narrative of an old prospector in the desert country. It might have appeared in a quality magazine or with a few minor changes (today possibly with none at all) in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Partisan Review, of "bohemian" or extra-academic extraction, might be called the bellwether of all little magazines. (It has just become a monthly and may in the future pass into the quality group.) Its history covers a period of more than ten years, but the bulk of selections in the *Reader* parallel the years of *Accent*. Its fiction shows many of the same characteristics—flashes of insight, frequent attenuation and intellectualization, some interest in form and experiment. But something else has been added or imposed. These stories are more of a piece. They show a definite philosophy and a consistent outlook on life. Their authors have business with middle-class mores, and they are aware of a *Partisan* thesis, that the intellectual is alienated.

The outstanding story, Mary McCarthy's "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," which concerns an affair between a woman intellectual

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[4] *Accent Anthology*. Harcourt, Brace, 1946. $4. *The Partisan Reader*. Dial Press, 1946. $3.75.

and an American business man, is a modern masterpiece. It has both conflict and substance, elements so frequently missing from little magazine fiction that their absence might almost be assumed to be a hallmark. Yet it could have appeared nowhere but in a little magazine, and most particularly, in *Partisan*.

From this and other evidence, one cannot say that little magazine fiction is all it might be. Yet it stands up well with other fiction. If honest short story writers find it difficult in a confused world to organize their material into meaningful patterns, so do modern novelists. Too seldom are either able to develop major relationships or major situations. Too often they seem to stand on the rim of the real world grappling with aberrations and abnormalities, with wild dim shapes of a scarcely-ever land. One may hesitate to attempt a diagnosis of this weakness. But I would hazard a guess that at least part of the difficulty comes from a lack of the wisdom necessary to understand or handle such ideas—a lack for which the American "pragmatic" tradition bears some responsibility.

At this point it is worth taking note of what has happened to book publishing. Traditionally, the creative writer has very often depended upon the book publisher for assistance in his early development. His publisher (whenever he has shown promise as a novelist) has assisted him both with money and advice, given him an advance at the psychological moment, and held his hand or carried him psychologically past the first novels which do not make their keep. This relationship is now being interfered with by excessive publishing costs. Where the publisher could once count on breaking even on a novel with a sale of 2,500-5,000 copies, he cannot do so now short of 6,000-10,000 copies. And that is only one of a number of forces turning the publisher's attention away from the development of new writers and from the best publishing practices. The result is to throw greater responsibility for literature upon the little magazine—a responsibility which it was never designed to bear except in part.

The little magazine does a good job of publishing fiction. What is to its particular credit, there was never a time when the serious short story writer had a better chance to be published regardless of his manner or inclination. (Miss Foley records that 1946 saw a new record set in the number of published short stories and that 1947 broke that record both in the number of stories and of new authors writing them. Although she is not explicit about it her conclusion would seem to apply more to little

magazines—or at least no less—than to others.) This does not mean that the author of fiction is properly paid for his effort, or that he can make even a partial living out of writing for the little magazine. But the little magazine cannot be expected to pay properly. It is doing its primary job when it publishes, and when one takes account of the growing quality market (which includes *Tomorrow, Commentary, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle* and others as well as *Harper's, The Atlantic Monthly,* and *The New Yorker),* it appears to be publishing its full share.

IV

One cannot say so much for its nonfiction. Nearly all the articles appearing in nearly all little magazines are concerned with literary criticism. By and large such criticism has become very cozy and intimate, a pursuing of the tortured word until it yells for mercy and a squeezing out of meaning until it is too thin and isolated to be understood short of an occupational lifetime. One gets an uneasy feeling that some of these little magazine critics like a particular poem for the very difficulty it presents to the layman. In our broken world such a solitary or isolated pursuit of technical literary efficiency has come to resemble more and more a special kind of division of labor. In its exercise it seems like the pleasure of the armchair detective in solving a crime or, on a somewhat lower level, of the Monday morning quarterback who replays Saturday's game. So much of the criticism is technical, that when it does, on occasion, rise to philosophy, it turns out to be a technician talking philosophy—than which nothing could be more misrepresentative.

Literary criticism monopolizes the nonfiction pages of the little magazine—and too much of it is confined to the type described above. But the little magazine is a large mansion and it could accommodate even an atomized literary criticism if occasionally it housed something else. Almost alone among its fellows, *Partisan Review* has made some pretense to breadth. It began in 1936 out of a political interest—and it has been unsteadily losing that interest ever since. It has published the brilliant philosophic group of essays, "The Failure of Nerve," and after the war the political series on "The Future of Socialism," but more and more the battle for any other than literary values has become a losing one. Perhaps the final blow came in 1943 when Dwight Macdonald left the magazine to start his own journal *Politics*—which itself, after a brilliant interlude, seems to have entered a period of innocuous desuetude.

Partisan has constantly plugged the line that the intellectual is alienated. But one wonders how the intellectual can gain morale when he turns out to be, nine times out of ten, a writer or an artist? Where are the lawyers, the doctors, the scientists, the engineers, the technicians—yes, even the philosophers? The intellectual, it seems, is not even a whole intellectual but a literary one—which is something pretty special.

Partisan has served the cause of general ideas better than any other little magazine. The overwhelming majority have served it not at all. Last year there was published a new anthology, *American Thought 1947*.[5] Its aim was to publish "a small encyclopedia of the annual crop of thinking in America," to "display the major 'trends' of ideas." Its point of view was serious; the slick commercial magazines were barred from consideration and journalism was included only to the extent that articles were to be understood by the intelligent reader, "yet not outraging the sensibilities of the expert" in the particular area treated. One might have thought that such an opportunity would have provided a field day for the little magazine, but not so. Out of thirty-eight selections only thirteen came from that quarter and of these, eight were from journals unrecorded in *The Little Magazine*.[6]

Publication of the anthology provided other evidence of the regard in which the article of wisdom or of ideas is held in America. Almost half of the topics originally selected for inclusion were dropped for lack of suitable material. The editors found, too, that a few magazines like *Harper's* and *The Atlantic Monthly* were excellent sources for articles but that from there on in the selecting was more difficult; for an article here and there they were reduced to such media as the *Journal of Parapsychology, The American Scientist, The Public Opinion Quarterly, The Journal of the History of Ideas, The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*—technical or academic journals, a publishing area in which America is more than sufficiently represented. In spite of editorial care and vigorous promotion, the venture failed. The publisher had planned to make

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[5]Issued by the Gresham Press. 1947. $3.75.

[6]Four selections (the limit set by the editors for selections from any one) came from *The American Scholar*, three from *The Antioch Review*, one from *Science and Society*. It may be argued from my own criterion that the last is not a little magazine but I should include it in spite of its academic dullness.

the anthology an annual affair, to issue it in South America, Europe and eventually elsewhere as a broad but representative example of what and how Americans think. But Americans themselves did not respond to any such adventurous enterprise and the Gresham Press cannot afford to repeat it.

Why do Americans (and so many American intellectuals) prove so allergic to the publication and the dissemination of general ideas? American intellectual tradition is against it, of course. So also are recent trends toward mass production and division of labor in publishing and toward specialization and fragmentation in thought.

Against such trends the little magazine might prove a buffer or foil. But neither editors nor authors are thoroughly familiar with broad ideas, and where they have gained some familiarity, they find dealing with such ideas an uncongenial occupation. Within campus walls the Ph.D. complex has constantly driven the academic occupants toward more specialization, more footnoting, more making of little ideas out of big ones. To do the job that needs to be done with ideas takes boldness and style. The American academic community, by and large, has been conducive to neither.

Nor are the bohemian or nonacademic thinkers in any better shape. They may have the urge and they may write more boldly but they lack sufficient background. For what background they do have has usually been acquired in the university classroom of the academic group and only too frequently at a time when ideas were held in less repute than they are today. Nor does the bohemian's disorientation[7] from the main stream of American life help him to write intelligently or persuasively about American ideas.

The English order these matters somewhat better. *Horizon,* England's leading literary magazine, publishes in almost every issue at least one article of more than literary breadth or depth—the sort of piece conspicuous by its absence among *Horizon's* American literary brethren.[8]

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[7]Henry Wallace's following among the intelligentsia, for example, is no tribute to their grasp of political ideas or of political realities.

[8]In four issues of *Horizon* which come to hand I find the following: "Russia's Byzantine Heritage" by Arnold Toynbee (August, 1947); "Occupation of Japan" by Noel F. Busch (September, 1947); "Surrender of Free Choice" by Roy Harrod (December, 1947); "Sin" by Bertrand Russell (January, 1948).

Furthermore, English little magazines like *Phoenix Quarterly, Voices, Now* ("a Literary and Social Review"), and *Politics and Letters* ("a Quarterly Survey of Intellectual Background"), in which literature is only one of a number of the strands of thought, have no counterpart in America.

Perhaps the most spectacular effort here was Dwight Macdonald's *Politics,* but its future is now uncertain. *The University Observer,* begun last year at the University of Chicago, appeared to be striking close to the mark on the academic side (certainly it is close to the English journals mentioned above), but it attracted no more than a few hundred subscribers and failed after two issues. These two recent efforts stand alone, and it may be noteworthy that they have emphasized their purpose and their own division of labor by largely ignoring literature. On the other hand, the latest American venture, *The Hudson Review,* announced as "the first major literary magazine of the postwar period . . . the first full-scale review started in this country since 1939," appears to be doing business at the same old stand. In spite of a brief bow to politics and philosophy in its prospectus, the table of contents presents Allen Tate ("The New Criticism"), Yvor Winters ("Gerard Manley Hopkins"), R. P. Blackmur ("The Possessed"), Francis Ferguson ("Racine's Bérénice: Action as Rational"), and Herbert Read ("The Present Situation of Art in Europe") just as though this sort of thing were not already being done in a dozen other little magazines.

The conception of the little magazine as purely an organ of literary experiment dies hard. It is such a conception which the editors of *Partisan Review* have assumed when they say *(Partisan Reader,* p. 685) that the need for the little magazine has been gradually disappearing. The sheer amount of such publication today would deny it, and as I have already indicated, the contribution of the little magazine in the field of fiction continues to justify itself.

What I argue is that free expression should be openly and vigorously encouraged by the little magazine in other areas. The young writer of fiction today faces recognized obstacles in the blandishments and the exploitation inherent in Hollywood, the radio, and the book clubs. But young nonfiction writers of ideas face the possibility of demoralization, too, and they find it no easier to organize their world of ideas or to make it comprehensible. The typical attraction for the brilliant nonfiction writer

is to *Life* or *Time,* where the constant drive is toward fragmentation and collectivization. And his opposite number in the universities, who has elected to stay closer to what is presumed to be the home of ideas, finds himself bogged down in footnotes or with an extremely limited marketplace for what he has to say. The nonfiction, as well as the fiction, writer needs time and opportunity to develop his ability without the pressure of an institution (journalistic or academic) at his back calling for "results."

Edmund Wilson, writing recently of the publishing difficulty which faced Paul Rosenfeld, remarked: "There was at that time [about 1940] not a single periodical that would print the work of a writer simply because he knew his subject and wrote about it well." This may seem exaggerated yet it is true that many a little magazine has been more committed to its own established little clique of writers and its own special brand of knowledge than the commercial press has been to its clichés and taboos. And if such a statement had relevance for a music critic, how much more important may it seem for the writer on other than aesthetic subjects?

Wisdom cannot be organized. It cannot be departmentalized. It cannot be atomized. The little magazine could enormously increase its present contribution to such wisdom as we have, if it opened its pages—hitherto largely confined to arts and letters—to science, politics, psychology, economics, history, and even such intellectual problems and phenomena as war and bureaucracy. Alone, among all our media of communication, it could give the author of ideas a feeling of wholeness and the chance to speak his real mind. There he might be advised, but he would not run the risk of being atomized by editorial or other influences or collaborated upon until his individuality is damaged or is claimed by someone else. That freedom is, or should be, the responsibility of the little magazine.

THE FARM SECURITY MYTH

By DAVID L. GRAHAM

As FOOD PRICES SOARED and newspapers played up the record farm income of those months, the impression evidently got around that the American farmer was living like a king. Judging by the mighty boom in the farm real estate market, everybody and his brother tried to be in on it. By the end of 1947 steadily climbing prices for farms were 97 per cent above the 1935-39 average and just under the 1920 peak. In twenty-eight states prices have already topped that ominous inflationary level and in some sections are still climbing.

Government economists, while cautioning farmers against dabbling in this grossly inflated market—especially with borrowed money—nevertheless assumed that farm commodity prices and hence land values would continue to rise well into 1948. Yet the danger signals were already flashing from Maine to California. More than a year ago the first great postwar surplus in farm products spoiled on the ground with a stench that could be smelled around the world. Not counting the potatoes that were converted into starch and alcohol, 20 million bushels of this highly nutritious food were dumped. County agents in Maine, which produced more potatoes than any other state and where last year's immense surplus had to be stored in the fields to freeze and rot, advised farmers to *fertilize* with potatoes! Except for 80 million dollars worth of government price-support, the market would have been swamped.

As surpluses in other farm products develop, as develop they must with mechanized agriculture's ever increasing productivity per acre, the prices for these products will also decline. Regardless of the Marshall Plan, how long can foreign markets absorb almost half our wheat crop? Government subsidies to fill the breach would have to be enormous. By 1950, one authority has predicted, there will be large unsalable quantities of most farm products. Referring with official delicacy to the land

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boom, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics warned, "Buyers should be aware of the dangers of buying farm land at inflated prices. This includes the realization that *long-term earning capacity* provides the only sound basis for determining values."

Land values are the followers, not the leaders of major economic movements, especially farm commodity prices. In 1947, for instance, income from fruit and truck crops in the South Atlantic states lagged behind the previous year's—with accompanying declines in land values; this marked their first break since the farm boom got under way in 1942. But although increasing skepticism should be the order of the day, the high price of farms and the record volume of sales which still rule in some sections of the country bespeak a tremendous land boom which is not yet spent. Some transfers of property, to be sure, represent the expansion or consolidation of existing units. For example, roughly half the nation's farm land today falls into units of over 500 acres, compared with only a third in 1920.

There can be no question, however, but that the postwar boom in farm real estate, which recently drove prices to new highs, is in part a response to heavy back-to-the-land migrations. Since V-J Day more than a million veterans have settled on the land, and in 1945 the total of those who returned to the land was greater than the number migrating in the opposite direction. Such a phenomenon has occurred only once before in modern times, namely in 1932, when the unemployed were streaming from the jobless cities in search of a subsistence. Otherwise, despite the ceaseless ebb and flow of America's restless masses—more than a third of the nation moved their homes between wars—the cities have made a net gain in population at the expense of the rural areas, where high birth rates and low family incomes have exerted a constant pressure on people to follow wherever the more abundant life seems to beckon.

The present scarcity of housing accounts to some extent, of course, for the frenzy in the farm real-estate market. In New England, which is a thickly settled section with overcrowded cities and exceptionally high living-costs, only two-fifths of those who bought farms during the postwar relocation period were active farmers; and for the country as a whole but two-thirds of current buyers of farms are active farmers.

Likewise indicative of this quest for homes has been the doubling in relative numbers of the very small or "residential" farm since World

War I; more than 90,000 of these new farms less than 10 acres in size have come into being since 1940. This is the sole exception to the trend toward bigness in agriculture previously mentioned and tends to show that the part-time farmer, the man with other sources of income, has the best chance of survival alongside the large commercial farm. But America's farmhouses, abandoned though some of them are as a result of farm mergers (or just abandoned), are hardly the answer to the housing shortage, because one-third of them are in need of major repairs and another third approximately are too dilapidated to be worth repairing.

The great majority of farm properties now changing hands are being bought for farming; and since the price of farm products is the farmer's chief consideration, it is also the dominant factor in setting the value on farm real estate. For when we know what a farm will produce and what those products will bring in the market, then we know the farm's real value. The brief depression of 1920-21 more than halved farm income and slashed farm values with equal severity. The year 1929 produced similar results, although its land values were by no means as high as they had been in 1920; and in 1932 the farmer's cash receipts dropped below 5 billion dollars.

Contrast this with the situation in 1946, when the American farmer received 23.9 billion dollars of cash income, not counting about 800 million dollars in government payments. The year 1946 topped 1945 by 15 per cent and was more than twice the 1941 figure. Farm income in 1947 was 21 per cent higher than 1946. Compared with alternative investments, current rates of return on farm land are high, credit has remained plentiful, and farm operating costs have lagged behind income—although recently they have begun to catch up.

Not unnaturally, therefore, buyers have been gobbling up the land with an unprecedented appetite—unprecedented considering the eagerness to buy at today's *inflated* price levels—inflated as gauged by the land's long term earning prospects. The chief incentives inspiring the stampede are, to sum up, three: (1) the expectation of profits—most important this and, for the short haul, reasonable; (2) the need for housing; and (3) the hope of cutting living costs and otherwise bettering one's lot. But in spite of all the buyers and the fancy prices they are quick to pay, several questions come to mind: just what, for instance, are the prospects of con-

tinued profits from farming, and what about farming as a way of life nowadays?

In the first place, let us not be overly impressed by the total farm income. Like a heavy but brief downpour of rain, it may not soak in—the run-off into banks and the accounts of absentee owners may be greater than the seepage into the average farmer's pocket. The old AAA, for instance, while stepping up the total farm income, chiefly benefited the big fellow at the top and wrought actual hardship on the little fellow—when acreages farmed by tenants were retired from production. Eighty per cent of the government's farm subsidies, it has been estimated, are going to the most prosperous *third* of the nation's farmers.

Nor is the squeeze in agriculture confined, as some people imagine, to tenants and sharecroppers. From 1926 to 1935, a prosperity-depression cycle, more than 50 per cent of the nation's farmers who were operating their own farms regularly received *less* than $1,000 a year net income, including the market value of all products consumed by the farm family. Of those who failed to clear $1,000 in 1935 the proportion was 72 per cent, and in 1932 a grim 96 per cent! Throughout this peacetime decade, in short, the majority of American farm families were existing at wretched subsistence levels. And even in the boom year of 1944 not half the farms of America produced a yield worth $1,500. It is no wonder, therefore, that since 1920 close to a third of all our farms have gone through the foreclosure wringer or similar forced sales.

Consequently, inspiring as the picture has been, with record farm productivity, income, and land values to cheer the laboring swain, and agriculture in general getting its most favorable break in years, let us not forget that we are riding the crest of a huge wave of postwar prosperity. Americans themselves have never eaten better and foreign purchases of our food have been at three times the prewar volume. The experts anticipate no such sudden collapse as followed the last war, but even the return to so-called normal conditions, the leveling off which most economists predict, would turn prices and production and living standards downward. Most vulnerable among the farm population and most likely to sink down into the old subsistence rut are those who operate the smaller, family-size farms. Best able to weather economic crises are the large commercial farms because, like the big industrial corporations, they have the resources to make the adjustments required.

Yet one of the most firmly-held articles of the American credo is our faith in the soil. Most of us yearn for a farm of our own the way neurotics yearn for the tomb or the womb. It was our faith in the American land which originally uprooted us from Europe. This yearning persists through the generations, especially among city people. Every member of the writer's family, for instance, not one of whom came by his hoe naturally, eventually bought himself a farm. Well nigh universal, of course, is this hunger for the soil and the simple life. The poets of ancient Greece and Rome sang of life on a little farm; and even during the proud, confident days of the Coolidge prosperity city people were dreaming of a few tillable acres somewhere and total security. And apparently this popular belief that one can always get by on a farm—in prosperity or depression, come the tax collector or the atomic bomb—has never flourished more widely.

But of the fugitives from chain-store living, how many are prepared and equipped for the work that lies ahead of them? Toil on the farm is longer and harder than almost any other type of employment, and more dangerous. Assisted though he is by many federal, state and county agencies, nobody works harder to earn a dollar than the average farmer. Industry has its eight-hour day and its forty-hour week; but on most farms—particularly the owner-operated farm which people envisage when they dream of establishing their roots in the soil—the working day stretches from sunup to sundown, with half an hour off for dinner and now and then a brief respite for a glass of Adam's ale.

Another significant commentary on the farm situation is the traditionally low pay of farm labor. A country-wide survey of farm workers during the depression revealed an approximate annual cash income averaging $265. In one of the counties studied the average was $127 per year. During 1945, times of great prosperity for agriculture, farm wages per day *without board* averaged but from $4 to $4.50 for a 9- to 10-hour day . . . while hourly wages for factory workers were topping $1. In 1946, the year that farm people were getting their best break in history, the per capita net income of persons on farms was less than half that of persons not on farms. Yet the competition for farm work has usually been keen. In January, 1933, there were an estimated 236 men available for every 100 farm labor jobs. And although this was the peak proportion reported, the condition has been more or less acute for years. One of

agriculture's constant problems is how to drain from various land areas their excess labor reserves—for example, the workers now being liquidated by the mechanical cotton-picker.

It was an economic debacle, therefore, rather than any expectations of profits or zeal for the good life which during 1932 drove more people back to the land than immigrated to the cities, towns, and villages; and the land made a net gain that year of 266,000 souls. Yet less than a third of those who took refuge on the land from the scourge of the depression were still there in 1934.

In those days the migrants were just trying to get by on some farm while they waited for employment opportunities to reopen in the cities. Today too, as we have mentioned, with the nation short of homes by approximately 5 million, many so-called farms turn out to be merely rural residences. The "farmers" living on the writer's road illustrate this trend. All have gone to the land during the last twenty years and most of them occupy "farms" that have been split from larger holdings. The first is a fisherman, the second a retired businessman, the third an electrician, the fourth a shipfitter, the fifth a plumber, the sixth a school teacher, and so on. All cultivate vegetable gardens and about half of them keep a cow; but not one earns a fraction of his income from the land . . . few could on our kind of land.

For probably the most natural and yet a frequently overlooked aspect of the back-to-the-land movement is the fact that for the most part the migration winds up on the worst land. This does not include, of course, the commercial farmers, the big fellows who have kept the farm real-estate market boiling by snapping up the best land at fancy prices; some of them are speculators and "suitcase farmers," which makes them only keener to capitalize on the truth that the best land, like the best machinery, is usually the most economical. No, the discussion at this point centers on the little fellow, the fellow who is looking for a few acres and independence. He is the one whose coming and going push the statistics around; collectively he does, although individually he is nobody—in a financial way, that is. And when he goes hunting for that one-family farm, he discovers that the fertile productive land is never for sale cheap, naturally not. In consequence, many of those who buy farms nowadays have to take over marginal and submarginal land whose chief assets are the brains and muscle of the buyer.

According to the classic study of the subject, *Migration and Economic Opportunity,* by Carter Goodrich and others, the heavy farmward migrations of the '30's practically reversed the farm-to-city trend of the '20's. During prosperity, that is, the poorest land lost population at the fastest rate; but during the depression these same areas made the greatest gains. Sharpest increases in population occurred in those parts of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Michigan where the largest percentage of the population had been receiving public help.

People are also inclined to overlook the fact that besides being a poorly-paid, strength-taxing profession, farming is a highly competitive business. There are always plenty of abandoned farms lying around, too small or barren to support a farm family; so with today's easy credit and the many aids offered by the government, almost anybody can become a farmer . . . for a while. As was to be expected, therefore, the current farm boom has stimulated the incurrence of farm-mortgage debt to the point that for the first time in twenty years the net movement is upward, the total now being well over 5 billion dollars.

Tranquil and easy-going as the average farm appears, in reality it is fighting for its economic life as desperately as any neighborhood hardware store or grocery. Thus, for the benefit of veterans who might be planning to buy a farm, the Department of Agriculture has stated tersely: "Farming is a complicated business. A farmer must know how to handle the job of crop and livestock production, how to use and repair farm machinery and buildings; and what and when and how much to buy and sell."

For whatever the romantics may say about farming as a way of life—next to fashion and sex, farming seems to be the most lucrative topic a writer can turn to—the cold fact is that an almost steady decline in the national farm population has been going on since about 1910. What could be more telling? For almost a century, indeed, agriculture has been of diminishing importance in the American economy, furnishing full-time employment for a steadily decreasing proportion of the population. Consequently, the fecund rural families have always had to spill over into the cities. Even in the darkest years of the depression millions were still streaming hopefully toward the cities in preference to trying to rustle a living on the farm. After 1910, when mechanization really set in, the farms, for all their high birth-rates, began to lose population faster than

they reproduced it. By 1947 there were only 27.5 million people on the land, despite the postwar influx, as compared with 32 million in 1910.

Further declines in the number of people farming seem inevitable. Modern machinery and improved agricultural techniques have greatly augmented the yield per acre and per agricultural worker, so that, even for increased food production, fewer farms and fewer farm workers will be necessary. To illustrate: during the three full years of war (1942-44) gross farm production averaged 122 per cent of 1935-39—this in spite of the loss in farm population of 5 million persons and with only a slight increase of acreage in cropland. By 1950, the Department of Agriculture has estimated, we could have crop production per acre a third higher than in the prewar years and gross production per farm worker at 147 per cent. Lee Fryer, formerly of the Farm Security Administration and active in the Oregon Farmers' Union, believes that after 1950 the food needs of the country can be supplied by 2.5 million less farmers and workers. *Life* magazine thinks there are 3.8 million too many right now.

Mechanization, furthermore, means large capital outlays for machinery, maximum use of machinery resulting in lowest production costs. To stay in business farm operators will have to buy more and more machinery. But the average farmer is rarely able to match the big fellow's mechanization program; and the average or family-size farm is not as well suited for the efficient use of machinery, because it is not large enough to bring a satisfactory return on the capital invested. The average farmer, too, has shown little enthusiasm for the co-operative management associations which might enable him to overcome the handicap of his smallness; meanwhile his buying and marketing co-operatives, although strong in some places and spreading, are hardly the decisive factors in his economic life.

As the Bureau of Agricultural Economics has pointed out: "Full-time farms that are too small to utilize mechanical power effectively are also likely to be too small to provide a satisfactory living for a farm family." A goodly portion of American farms fall into this category at all times, and in times of economic stress the overwhelming majority.

To see the results of the squeeze of the machine age on the traditional or family-size farm, one need but glance at the latest important census figures, those of 1945. The giant commercial farms of more than 1,000 acres now account for 40 per cent of all land in farms, compared with

less than 25 per cent in 1940; and the total ***number*** of farms is now 600,000 *less* than it was then, although 186 million more acres are in production.

The main prop under the current farm prosperity is, of course, the record farm income. And as long as foreign demand for American foodstuffs holds up all would seem to be well—except that a return to price control and rationing would doubtless alter the picture not a little, depending on the extent, success, and duration of the rationing measures. Another imponderable is the Marshall Plan; if Congress goes through with the original, four-year plan (which at this writing seems unlikely) foreign consumption of American food, especially grain, should continue at the present high levels; but Secretary of Agriculture Anderson recently warned farmers not to count on foreign markets. For as foreign agricultural production mounts, how can this demand hold up?

Then the agricultural surpluses will come home to roost; and when this happens (as who does not anticipate that it will?) farming is going to be as uncertain a business as any and assuredly no economic storm cellar. On the farm, to be sure, you don't starve. But people didn't starve in the cities—there were breadlines. And in 1932, when 96 per cent of farm owner-operators (not to speak of tenants and sharecroppers) were grossing less than $1,000, the slums of the cities could scarcely have offered a more cheerless subsistence. The chances are that in the event of another depression the farmers will once again head the relief procession; last time one out of every four rural families went on relief. The net income from agriculture fell from 19.6 per cent of the national income in 1918, and 17.9 per cent in 1919, to 9 per cent in 1921 and 5.7 per cent in 1932.

Under the threat of inflation's mounting storm, the impulse to settle one's family on a farm is understandable and in many ways sound. If the would-be farmer is thinking primarily of income, however, he should remember that he is taking on a job that is for the most part poorly paid and highly competitive and requires considerable know-how. Farming, of course, will continue to offer opportunities to individuals who are shrewd, energetic, resourceful. During recent years small "specialty" farms have sprung up by the thousands and, thanks to up-to-date farming and marketing methods, have prospered handsomely. But the farm is no refuge in our time, no place of total security for the average citizen, because there are no such islands left, even on the land.

A STORY

THE GIRLS IN THIS TOWN

By CATHERINE RIDGWAY McCARTHY

ELLA SIMPSON sat at the window of her darkened bedroom watching the new High School teacher and his wife in their little livingroom upstairs in the house next door. Of course the Merrills hadn't had time to get their curtains hung yet, but you would think that they would pull down their shade. It was pitch dark outside, and the big yellow square of their window framed a brightly colored picture that was startling because the two figures moved. Ella moistened her lips and started to leave her window but just then the man in the room opposite got up from the green davenport and turned the dial of the little table radio. The girl raised her arms and moved them for a moment in time to the music. Ella could just hear the faint tinkle and throb of the dance band somewhere in New York. Without knowing it, her body moved in time to some dimly remembered dance tune that she had heard a long time ago.

I see you, I see you, you young married couple who are so busy you don't think to pull down your shades. I see happiness through two panes of glass, mine and yours. The girl in the green dress on the green davenport is soft and tender. Her flesh is different from my flesh. She moves more slowly. She will talk different. She will be invited to the Women's Club and will eat our cream cheese and olive sandwiches and drink our coffee and come home here and tell him about it and perhaps laugh because they both come from the city somewhere. And all the kids in town who go to the High School will wish they could peek into their livingroom as I am doing right this minute. They will wonder about him and her, and when they go downtown on Saturday night to the movies everybody will know who they are and they will pretend they just love the town. Don't they know that anyone could see right into their livingroom! Someone should tell them that feeling the way they do

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This is CATHERINE MCCARTHY's second published story. Her home is Andover, Massachusetts where her husband teaches English at Phillips Academy.

don't last long. Why don't they pull down their shade so I can get undressed and go to bed!

He comes back from the kitchen with two bottles, beer bottles from the red and blue labels, for I see them in the windows downtown, and two glasses and a box of crackers. They drink the beer and everything in the room sort of slows down. She hardly moves at all. Perhaps, this being their first night in town and everything sort of new for them, they are serious tonight about life, making resolutions they won't keep more than a week, like keeping the grocery bill down and not charging at the drugstore, and he says he won't smoke more than a package a day. Someone better drop a hint about him smoking and drinking and all in public. The town don't like that. The people in this town want the boys and girls to be able to look up to their teachers and not smell a breath on them.

You know how it is when you're in a lighted room looking out the window. The window's like a mirror, you can't see a thing. Someone, perhaps even a burglar, could be so near, looking at you, and you'd never know it, like now. Perhaps they will never again forget to pull down the shade. He's going to drink another glass of beer, but she's making him look at what she's been writing down in the little notebook. He is putting his arms around her shoulders, but that's nothing, and sort of nuzzling his head against hers, but that's nothing. Don't they know they forgot to pull down the shade? She is pushing him away and laughing and shaking her head. She's remembered and he gets up from the new green davenport laughing and turning his head around toward her and comes to the window and for a moment his eyes met mine. But they don't really. He is smiling at his own reflection in the big dark mirror that he sees, and the swimming reflection of the cozy room behind him, her yellow head, beer and cigarets and a sort of privacy you can't have when you're living alone. And the yellow shade rolls down with a faint rattle clear to the sill.

Ella still looked young in the light of the pink-shaded lamp on her bureau. And without her glasses her image in the mirror was misty and even rather pretty. Her hands now. They were white and slender, a lady's hands. Her narrow, white gold wedding ring caught the light and you might almost think that there were little chip diamonds in it, instead of the plain design of orange blossoms. It was tight because she was thinner then, and it wouldn't come off, but she wouldn't take it off if she could,

although it seemed that she was the only one in town who ever remembered that she had been married.

There was that locket in her box that she had worn in High School. It was all the style then for the girls to wear lockets with boys' pictures inside. Ella's locket was plain gold, heart-shaped, with a tiny pearl set in the middle of an engraved star. It had never held any picture but her brother Earl's, wonderful, big-brother Earl, who died of appendicitis when Ella was only eight years old. Maybe if Earl hadn't had to die like that, she wouldn't have had to wait and marry Bert Higgins. There would have been boys around the house while she was growing up and she wouldn't have felt so peculiar at parties, hardly able to open her mouth.

Bert certainly had tried to take Violet Foster out. He used to hang around her cage at the store, trying to make her laugh. Violet was rather hard to please. Violet in her cashier's cage with all the drummers who came into the store hanging around her, trying to make dates, her black eyes snapping, tossing her head, keeping them guessing, and marrying Rudey King after all as soon as his father died and the drugstore was his.

That March, over seven years ago, it was, Bert had come in with a nice line of cotton dresses, real cute, with little hand touches, retailing for two-ninety-eight, so that it would hardly pay anyone to run one up for herself. Bert had said that while they were all looking at them in one of the fitting rooms, and before she thought she said, "Well, the girls in this town like their dresses to look like something after they've been washed a few times," and right after that she could feel him looking at her and she felt herself getting pink the way she did when she was excited, and then he came a little nearer and said, "How about a show tonight in Manchester?" She thought at first he was talking to someone else, so she didn't answer, and then he said, "You're not giving me the brush-off, are you?" and came even closer so that she could smell the cigars he smoked and a kind of new smell that after all was just the nearness of Bert Higgins. His voice had dropped when he spoke the last words, sort of teasing and pleading he was, as though it mattered whether she went with him or not. She should have turned him down the way Violet and the other girls did, walked out of the fitting room, leaving him alone with his big sample case and all the dresses to put away. Her voice trembled when she answered him. "Sure, I'll go," and then she laughed and started helping

him put his things away so that Mr. Perkins had to come back for her when Mrs. May came in for striped outing flannel.

I said, "Well, the girls in this town like their dresses to look like something after they've been washed a few times," and then he said, "How about a show tonight in Manchester?" and then I said—no, then he said, "You're not giving me the brush-off, are you?" and then—well, it was funny, happening just like that, and when Bert came by she jumped when he said, "See you later, Ella." That sobered Violet a bit, but none of the girls mentioned Bert to her. At lunch time she bought a new blouse for herself at the New York Dress Shop across the street and down a block from Perkins's, so they wouldn't think she was trying to fix herself up to impress Bert Higgins.

Bert was awfully confidential all that evening. He did most of the talking. He really appealed to her, he seemed really grateful to her for going out with him. "You won't believe me, Ella, but I'm forty, well, forty-one next month. That's being honest and square with you," he said. Sometimes he didn't seem to be talking to her at all, but to himself, like telling himself things he had just begun to think about. He told her she could be a real good inspiration to him, and didn't expect her to say anything, for he went right on, talking with his cigar in his mouth. There was a little dried clot of blood on his neck just above his collar where he had cut himself while shaving. Somehow it seemed quite dreadful, sort of intimate, for her to see his blood. And after she got used to the idea, forty didn't seem a bit old. Bert said he guessed she would rather not go to a bar after the show, so they went to a drugstore right next to the theater and she had a maple walnut sundae and he had a banana split.

She had only one good clear picture of Bert, taken with her just after the wedding, standing in front of Bert's car. The picture showed that Bert was a head shorter than she. Bert was holding his hat, grinning and squinting in the sun. It was awful to remember that he had been buried in that suit, dark blue with a hair line of white in it. Ella put the picture back under the pile of clean handkerchiefs in her top bureau drawer where she kept it. Then she turned off her light and opened the west window a bit and raised the shade. The windows of the upstairs flat next door were dark, but through the open window the faint tinkle of an orchestra in some night club in New York City gave the giant shadows of leaves that moved on the house something to keep time to. Tomorrow

is Wednesday, half-day at the store. I might go and call on her. No matter how it was remembered, marriage was something.

The sheets felt damp, for it had been cold during the day, and rainy. She and Bert had had twin beds, really elegant, like the home interiors in the magazines, with rayon taffeta spreads and a night table in between. A vanity went with the set too, and a bureau, and twin lamps on the vanity. The bedroom furniture was hers by law, but she hadn't stood up for her rights when Bert's mother said that the room would rent much better with that furniture in it. Even Bert's insurance was in his mother's name, the house Bert told her was his, was his mother's, and they paid her rent and she paid board and never did a thing around the house after Ella got there except make nasty remarks. And she wrote home to her mother about Bert's little dream home and the flower garden she was going to have and she described each room just the way she wished it could be, and the only thing that was true was the bedroom with the twin beds, but even those weren't solid mahogany. But she didn't bring them home, so it didn't matter. And no one, not even her mother, knew about Mrs. Higgins. Ella guessed real happiness was something you dreamed about or wrote letters about, not something you could hold in your hand or tie up and put on a shelf for safekeeping.

There was something almost miraculous about her marriage to Bert Higgins. The way he asked her to go out with him that time and saw right away that she was too refined to take into a bar, not like Violet, although Violet right now was as well off as any girl in town. She'd have to call on Mrs. Merrill right away, before Violet did. She told the girls at the store that Violet's new house was a lot like the one she and Bert had in Dorchester, only not with Venetian blinds, and she did have to admit that her house had much nicer things in it than Violet's. Violet even had a maid since the baby came, and an electric washer and ironer. Ella's mother said that Violet's extravagance would be the ruin of her husband, and Ella thought so too, although of course she never said a word against Violet.

Bert said he thought his stomach trouble came from eating in restaurants so much, so right after they were married he gave up the road and opened a dress shop on Blue Hill Avenue, just silk dresses at five ninety-five. She paid for the lease with her eight hundred dollars and Bert put up the rest for stock, and he did real well, and was able to come

home for all his meals, and he never once asked Ella to wait on the customers. But the operation and the hospital cost so much and the funeral too, when it came out that Bert was fifty-two and the life insurance still in his mother's name and not a cent more, so Ella had to come home. The minister was very nice at the funeral. He comforted Ella and told her that she was still a young woman and must learn to face up to life. That was what he said, face up to life. Ella lay straight in the narrow bed, flat on her back with her eyes shut, and let hot tears roll down her cheeks. She had cried the same way at Bert's funeral, for no real reason at all, just because she felt unhappy and been so disappointed when things could have been so different. If Earl, now, had lived, there would have been boys around the house while she was growing up and she would have married and stopped working long before Bert Higgins ever came into Perkins's drygoods store with those two-ninety-eight dresses and she had said, "Well, the girls in this town," something about sewing their own clothes out of good materials that wouldn't shrink and run the way those cheap things did.

The weather had cleared during the night and the morning was fine though the trees certainly did show how many leaves they had lost during the three days' rain. Ella remembered that it was the first day of school when she saw Mr. Merrill run his Ford coupe out of the yard on the other side of the house. He skidded a bit in the piles of wet leaves when he turned to go downtown. She must be careful not to leave the house until after he had gone, or he might get to think she was hinting for a ride when he found out that she went down every morning too. Ella picked her way along the path strewn with sodden maple leaves, and just before she turned down the street, really without thinking of what she was doing, she looked up at the Merrill's livingroom window. The shade was rolled to the top again, and the window open wide. And the girl, Mrs. Merrill, that is, was looking out, looking down at her. For one second their eyes met and Ella felt her face and neck redden. She held her head a bit higher than usual as she walked down the street, conscious of every movement of her body, her knees suddenly stiff. She was almost as far as the library before her heart stopped racing. Mrs. Merrill was wearing that green dress again. Her forehead was pretty with her hair brushed back, and her brows were dark and straight, sort of honest looking, and surprised too, at her turning to stare at the window. And that bit of blue

behind her, Mrs. Foster no doubt, come up early to look around and see that they didn't drive any nails into that pretty new wall paper she had told everyone about.

All the time she was going to school the year seemed to start on that first Wednesday in September when classes started again after summer vacation. And that girl, that Mrs. Merrill, was looking out of the window, watching the back of that muddy Ford disappear down the street on the morning of her first day in town when everything was exciting and new. She'd soon find out there was nothing exciting about Hopkins even though she was married with a nice young husband, a college graduate like the Berry boy people talked about, he was so smart and got honors and married a college girl and never came home except for a week in August in a different car every year. And even though she did live in a real cute little apartment all done over with white paint and new wall paper and all new furniture that came in a Boutell's truck from Manchester yesterday in the pouring rain, so her mother said, with real careful drivers who covered everything up when they carried it in so she couldn't see a thing except the green davenport. Of course there was that solid mahogany suite that was hers by rights although it would be sort of funny for her to have twin beds in her room now that Bert was dead. But planning on going to a new place to live, with everything different when you never dared dream you would, like a story coming true, all starting from that morning when Bert had come in with those cheap dresses and she had said right out, real independent, that the girls in this town made their own dresses out of good material, and he had asked her to see a show with him. And she had only been home six years last spring but people had forgotten that she had ever been away and married, and still called her Ella Simpson. She felt for her wedding ring under her glove. Mrs. Merrill would want to know who she was and Mrs. Foster would say, "Oh, that's Ella Simpson, a real nice girl," that's what she always said about everybody, only the way she looked when she said it made the difference.

Just then the sun went behind a cloud and Ella shivered. All the color went out of the trees too, and she wondered how she could ever have believed she would get out of Hopkins and stay out that day she and Bert were married and had their pictures taken and people said that she looked lovely. Then the sun streamed up the street again as she went in the side entrance at Perkins's. She might as well call on Mrs. Merrill this after-

noon as long as she had it off. She could tell her all about her sweet little home near Boston, and how she was a widow who didn't think of men any more, but understood just how a young wife feels. It was just that newness and brightness and the way she was looking out of the window after the Ford, and the laughing sort of secret way he pulled down the shade last night.

It was certainly odd that she should feel queer to be standing on the Foster's front porch, ringing the upstairs bell. She had looked down on the porch so much from her bedroom window and it was just funny to be standing on it, wondering how you would look to anyone looking down from your bedroom window. And it was too bad that she had never had cards engraved that year she was married so she could leave one, casual sort of, on the table as she left, just showing that she had lived in the city. There was no reason why she should apologize for coming to call so soon when they were next-door neighbors. Then she heard heels on the stairs coming down to see who was at the door. That door always did stick, so when it opened, it opened suddenly, and there she was, looking right at Mrs. Merrill, the new High School teacher's wife.

Even so near to, she was pretty, her skin was so white, and she blushed and smiled. "I know who you are," she said. "Mrs. Foster told me you would come to see me. You do live next door, don't you?" Now being able to talk right up like that to a stranger came from having an education and seeing lots of people. And she stood aside in her green smock for Ella to go up the stairs first, and followed after, talking fast and rather excited. And when they got to the top of the stairs there was the little front room she had been in so much while Florence Cole lived there, but it certainly didn't look much like it had while the Coles were there.

There was hardly anything in the room, no curtains, no rug, just one picture, plain black and white. And Mrs. Merrill must have taken a walk this morning for there was a big bunch of goldenrod on top of a bookcase. There was a faint smell of chocolate cake in the air, and just four chairs and a little green breakfast table in the diningroom. Mrs. Merrill hesitated in the doorway of the front room and then said, "Won't you sit down, Miss Simpson?" for Ella was so taken by surprise at how different the room looked and how sort of gray and far away her house next door looked, and how narrow and shut up her bedroom window looked, that no wonder they never thought of pulling down their shade last night.

Ella sat down on the green davenport. It certainly was comfortable, it almost seemed that you touched the floor, the springs were so good. The girl sat in the chair that matched the davenport and leaned over and turned off the radio that was going so low that it didn't bother conversation any. Then they both sat there for a second, waiting to think of something to say, so while they were waiting Ella pulled off her gloves so her wedding ring showed. And then she said, "How do you think you're going to like Hopkins, Mrs. Merrill?" "Oh, I love it already. I think it is perfectly beautiful here!" She smiled again and showed awfully pretty white teeth. She was eager and anxious to please and be pleased, as though there was some terribly important reason why she must always be as happy as she was at that minute. Then Mrs. Merrill thought of something to say and she said, "Have you always lived here in Hopkins, Miss Simpson?" She had said "Miss Simpson" the first time too, then, not "Mrs. Simpson," because when some people heard that she had been married once, they called her Mrs. Simpson. She must have been real interested to remember her name at all, though. Ella looked quietly down at her hands clasped in her lap. "My name is really Higgins, Mrs. Bert Higgins," she said firmly. Mrs. Merrill's mouth opened and then shut quickly. "I'm sorry," she said. "Mrs. Foster just said you were Ella Simpson when we happened to see you leave the house this morning."

"I've been a widow for six sad years," Ella said, and shrugged her shoulders. "After one beautiful year in my own lovely home near Boston." She lifted her wedding ring hand to her hair and let it fall again. Mrs. Merrill looked sort of white and shook her head quickly the way you do when you want to get rid of a thought that you don't like. She jumped up from her chair quickly and as she did so, all the fullness of her smock got caught to one side, and Ella saw that she was going to have a baby, and well along too, at least six months. And she thought that they had just been married! Mrs. Merrill pulled the smock around quickly and saw that Ella had noticed. Then, when she went out to the kitchen to get ginger ale and some of the chocolate cake, Ella saw that she walked slowly, as though something unhappy had happened to her in just a few minutes. Of course Ella called out right away for her not to bother about anything for her to eat, but she said it was no trouble at all and she mustn't think of helping her.

While she was in the livingroom alone, she could really look around. So she was going to have a baby! Mrs. Foster had smiled sort of secretly when she talked about the Merrills as though people wouldn't know as soon as they got around to calling. There was no reason at all why she, herself, couldn't have been in the family way before Bert had died. If she had, and had a baby, people would never forget and call her Miss Simpson. If she had, he would be in school now, and running into the store on his way home in the afternoon to say hello before he went out to play. It was too bad she didn't have a little boy, for then people would always remember she was Mrs. Higgins, all starting from the time she had spoken her mind out to Bert Higgins when he came in that day with those sleazy readymades that always looked cute until they had been washed and ironed a few times.

Now that she really thought about it, she might have been that way and lost it right after Bert died. She had had a bad time the month after the funeral with those awful headaches and dizzy spells. She had had to stay in bed that time, and when she came back to Hopkins everyone said she looked dreadful. It was more than possible. There was no doubt about it that she had been in the family way and never realized it at the time. As she thought about it she got dizzy again the way she had been when everything had come out about the insurance and the house, and she had to go back to Hopkins and work in the store again. And all these years she might have been a mother and had everybody call her Mrs. Higgins and never forget about that year in Dorchester in that sweet little house. Of course her front room had a lot more in it than Mrs. Merrill's. Not even a rug on the floor, or maybe they had forgotten to bring it or something. Right at her elbow, sticking out from under a pad of yellow paper, was one of those little credit books from Boutell's in Manchester, like the kind they give you when you buy on time. She and Bert had had one like it on the bedroom suite. It wouldn't hurt to move the pad a bit just to make sure.

When she came back from the kitchen, Mrs. Merrill was smiling as though she hadn't looked unhappy just before. The little cakes were good, although they could be lighter, and she had forgotten napkins. Mrs. Merrill brought some knitting to show her, a little pink baby sweater almost finished. She said she expected the baby around Christmas time, and she seemed so glad to talk about it to someone. It came out that they had

lived with her husband's family in Worcester all last year while Jimmy was finishing up college on the G.I. Bill, and they were so glad when they had a chance to have their own home, especially with the baby coming. And she wasn't even a city girl, but met Jimmy at her cousin's in Worcester three years ago when they came up to the State Fair. People weren't so different when you really came to know them. But in spite of finding out so much about her not being so much different from anyone else, there was something about her, something sort of hopeful and happy inside, the way the kiddies look when they come into the store just before Christmas. Ella took the little pink sweater and held it up.

"This reminds me so much of when I was making things for my baby," she said, and went on, pretending not to notice the way Mrs. Merrill, Irene, that is, looked at her. Ella dropped the sweater on her lap and looked dreamy. "I made piles of things, little dresses and booties and a crocheted blanket, all of the best materials. I gave them all away, after. I couldn't bear to look at them again, and every stitch set by hand. I always thought it was lucky I never told my mother I was expecting."

Irene's voice was very low, and sort of scared and interested. "Did, did the baby die?"

"Yes, born dead two months early, right after Mr. Higgins passed away. And I never told a soul, but this little sweater reminded me so of those days when I was happy." Ella's voice trembled and the hot tears came just as she knew they would. "I wish you could have seen my little home, all furnished in solid mahogany, and a lovely back yard, and Mr. Higgins doing so well in his business. He owned a big store in Boston, and it all went like that. And no one can say I haven't kept my sorrows to myself and faced the world with a smile," and Ella smiled the smile she faced the world with and looked straight at Mrs. Merrill's white face. "Sometimes it happens like that, just like that." And she stood up and started to put on her gloves.

"Seeing that I live just next door, we can see a lot of each other, can't we?" she said. "And I know you won't repeat a word of what I said. I like to think that my little baby is all mine, in Heaven with his Daddy, waiting for me to join them."

Sitting up in her bedroom a little later in the dusk she saw Mr. Merrill drive up into the yard and get out of the car with a big box of groceries from the chain store. He unlocked the door and let himself in, not ring-

ing the bell and bringing her downstairs. She really hadn't ought to have done it, but they forgot the shade again, and when he came into the livingroom he put on the light and there was Irene curled up on the green davenport. She looked up when he put the light on, looked right out toward the window, and she had been crying. He sat down beside her and she put her head on his shoulder and he put his arms around her and she could see that Irene was still crying and holding him as close as she could. The pink baby sweater was still on the end table where she had laid it down.

It was really too bad, when she had looked so happy and sort of expecting more happiness and everything new and exciting this morning, such a lovely morning, when she watched the Ford go down the street with him in it, going to school to teach for the first time, and chattering away to her this afternoon, so confidential and pleased with the apartment and living away from his people. Things do start like that sometimes, looking nice and changing right after you think you've got something at last, something you've been waiting for a long time. Like some woman too slack to take a needle in her hand to make a dress, buying one of those cheap things Bert came into the store with that morning when she had been real cheeky and told him that the girls in this town like their dresses to look like something after they've been washed a few times and he got interested right away and asked her to go to Manchester with him to a show.

THE MODERN LYCEUM

By GERHART H. SEGER

LECTURING in the United States is, first of all, big business. As in any other field of business, prospective customers are being put in touch with prospective producers by agencies. Just as you go to a real estate agent if you want to buy a house, you call on a lecture agency if you want a speaker. There are a great number of agencies over the country, the biggest firms having field offices and field representatives strategically placed by regions. The annual turnover of a big lecture agency may run into millions of dollars and the fees for individual speakers may be in terms of a few hundred dollars or a few thousand. H. G. Wells, for instance, once received a fee of $5,000 for a forty-minute talk, and the audience paid as much as $5 apiece, some of them just for the chance of standing in the aisle.

The lecturer has to pay for his own folders and other publicity material; the agency charges a commission running from 25 per cent of the fee where the speaker pays his own travel expenses to 50 per cent or more where the agency takes care of all expenses. The fee a speaker can command depends not merely on his speaking ability or on his authority to deal with his subject; it depends even more on how well his (or her) name is known. One of my agencies, for instance, had on its list a physician who delivered popular lectures on medical subjects. He spoke fairly well, but since he had nothing else but an M.D. to his name, his fees were moderate. Then he wrote a book which for a time became a best seller; ever since that time he has received ten times the amount he used to get for exactly the same lectures.

Lecture agencies, like any other business, sometimes arrange exhibits of the products they have to sell. Half a year ahead of the next season, they will rent a hotel room and invite all program committee chairmen of women's clubs, men's luncheon clubs, church groups, and other social

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or cultural organizations in the area. There they sit and look at the passing parade on the stage, while each lecturer gives a five-minute sample of his topic and his delivery. A lecturer may feel like the bearded lady in front of a tent at the county fair—but what can he do? He wants speaking dates, the agent wants business, and the program chairman wants to see what he buys.

Busy lecture agents know certain facts about public opinion better than anyone else in the country including Dr. George Gallup. Each season they have their finger on the pulse of the public. They know whether foreign policy or domestic issues seem more important to the public mind. They know when serious interest is lacking and entertainment is preferred. And they feel it immediately when a new wave of political passion sweeps the country.

The United States Federation of Women's Clubs in this country number 17,350 clubs, with a total membership of 3,000,000 women. The Rotary Clubs in the United States number 3,360 (there are more throughout the world); Lions clubs here number 3,900; and in the United States, Canada, and Alaska there are 2,600 Kiwanis clubs. West of the Mississippi 85 Knife and Fork Clubs have been organized, to which 200 other luncheon or dinner clubs elsewhere in the country have been affiliated. The clubs mentioned so far alone, assuming that they have speakers and entertainers for an average of ten meetings each season, will provide a total of 274,950 speaking dates annually. While this estimate may seem high it is actually very much on the conservative side. Most luncheon clubs meet every week all the year around. Larger civic clubs almost always have a speaker, and so have most of the women's clubs.

Moreover, there are many other organizations that engage speakers regularly throughout the season, which usually runs from Labor Day to Decoration Day. Hundreds of universities and colleges use professional lecturers for student assemblies; many churches conduct forums either throughout the year or through the winter season, and some have men's clubs and women's groups engaging speakers for monthly dinners. In all, speaking dates in this country every year run into several millions. Lecturing is not only a big business: the platform is as important in forming public opinion and disseminating information as the press or radio.

Our Department of State as well as the United Nations have recognized the importance of the platform. Shortly after Dumbarton Oaks

when Edward Stettinus was secretary, the State Department, for the first time, arranged to brief lecturers on our foreign policy, and under Secretary George Marshall this practice still continues. The United Nations General Secretariat has its own speakers division; though it does not serve as a lecture agency, it also, since December, 1946, has held conferences where speakers are informed by leading members of the United Nations staff on all phases of the work of the UN. Upon the suggestion of Benjamin Cohen, Assistant Secretary General of the UN in charge of public information, there was established the Speakers Research Committee for the United Nations which maintains contact between the UN and all speakers who frequently or occasionally lecture on UN subjects.

Lecturing is far more than an entertainment or public opinion industry. It is the most gigantic undertaking in adult education to be found anywhere. The state universities of Minnesota, Kansas, California, North Carolina, for instance, have "Extension Divisions." Under a director these divisions have field men who canvass the surrounding area (including adjacent states), and consult with college presidents, high school principals, and program committee chairmen of chamber of commerce, luncheon clubs, and other organizations. They not only carry abroad the message of the state university, but also organize "Talk of the Month" clubs and assist in booking outside professional lecturers. Rotary International for seven years now has organized its own adult education project (called the "Rotary Institutes of International Understanding") consisting of four lectures on four aspects of one general theme. These lectures are offered to smaller communities off the beaten path, the local Rotary club sponsoring the public meeting.

Such manifold opportunities of informing the adult population and influencing public opinion constitute of course a grave responsibility for the lecturer. This writer, having spoken 7,200 times and in all 48 states, can testify to the fact that any lecturer who thinks he can underestimate his audience makes a profound mistake and will scarcely get a return engagement anywhere. I have lectured in most European countries and can testify that American audiences are best. They are open-minded; they like to listen to the other side. When it comes to the question period, they are courteous; heckling such as one frequently encounters in England is practically unknown here. With rare exceptions those asking questions do so in search of information, not to embarrass the speaker.

The debate or argument following a lecture so indigenous to France is unknown here unless a debate has been announced beforehand.

But American audiences have their peculiarities too. A European speaker, dreadfully serious to the point of being a bore, has to learn that American listeners want to stretch their legs mentally once in a while; a speaker with a good sense of humor will go over ten times better than one without. Notwithstanding the desire of being entertained while being informed, an American audience very quickly detects superficiality. It is as difficult as it is enjoyable to lecture in this country; Americans have a way of educating lecturers when they do not come up to expectations. This is especially true of the most difficult audiences to speak to: high school and college students. Young Americans may not be completely familiar with the lecturer's subject but they let him know unmistakably if he does not register with them—not by being rude but by formulating pointed and searching questions.

The typical introduction given a speaker could be a chapter in itself. William Jennings Bryan often told a story on himself in his early days as a lecturer. He had to appear in a small town where only one man knew of him, and that person happened to be out of town. The secretary of the chamber of commerce was prevailed upon to perform the rite of introduction. Not knowing anything about Bryan, he said: "I am supposed to introduce to you Mr. William Jennings Bryan who is supposed to speak to us. Which I now did and which he now does!"

At least there was nothing seriously wrong with this introduction. It is distinctly preferable to some other introductions, which may seem especially designed to get the speaker off on the wrong foot. When someone, like this writer, has been a strong anti-Nazi in Germany and, for his democratic convictions, had to endure imprisonment in a Nazi concentration camp, he is anxious to be recognized for what he is.

Some twelve years ago I was invited to make a brief address before the Hollywood Breakfast Club. A friend of mine from the movie colony had taken me there without telling the president anything about me. A speech there is usually confined to ten minutes; that morning there were two of us to be given five minutes each. The first speaker was a newsreel photographer who had flown to Labrador when two German aviators, Koehn and Huehnefeld, had crossed the Atlantic for the first time in a western direction. He delivered, in five minutes, a magnificent

speech conveying the suspense before the arrival of the two German pilots. Then the president of the club rose and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: you all know I have been an American citizen for over thirty years although I was born in Germany. Last year I went back to the old country; I tell you, this man Hitler is a great guy. . . ." And he embarked upon a eulogy of Hitler, concluding: "Therefore it affords me the greatest pleasure to introduce to you our next speaker, a representative of the new Germany!"

There I stood, introduced as a Nazi, with five minutes altogether at my disposal.

I told the audience that I had not come in any official capacity, neither as a representative of the new or the old Germany, and continued: "Our first speaker created an adventurous atmosphere by telling us so impressively about his flight to Labrador. I should like to maintain that atmosphere of adventure by telling you how I escaped out of a Nazi concentration camp." I did. The club president apologized for the wrong introduction.

Some eight years ago, while conducting a summer course at Marietta College in Ohio, a lady from the nearest West Virginia city across the River, Parkersburg, invited me to be the second speaker on a new lyceum program sponsored by the local women's club. We agreed on date and terms. On the appointed day I arrived in town to find that, from the newspaper announcements, the good people of Parkersburg really couldn't afford to miss me since I, the evening lecturer, was a first cousin of Adolf Hitler! Fuming, I called up the committee chairman. The lady told me, somewhat embarrassed:

"The people of Parkersburg are not very lecture-minded. Our first speaker was the aviatrix Amelia Earhart, considered a drawing card anywhere. In our high school auditorium seating several hundred people only twenty-three were present. We felt we had to do something extra special for you!" Of course, I removed the unwelcome relationship from myself at the beginning of the meeting, and whether or not the shock hypnotized them, none of the more than three hundred falsely attracted to the meeting left before it was over.

Once in New England I met a chairman who was distrust incorporated. He had read my biography, as it turned out, but he did not believe it; nobody could have led a life so full of strange adventures, he

thought. He made me tell all over again what he had read. Then he walked on the stage and announced: "Our speaker tonight was born and raised in Germany." (That part was all right; everybody has to be born and reared somewhere.) He continued: "He is supposed to have been a member of the German Reichstag, and after Hitler came to power he is supposed to have been imprisoned in a concentration camp, from which he is supposed to have escaped. . . ." In this manner he completed his introduction, refusing to commit himself on any detail about me when he could avoid it.

Of course, there are other chairmen. I always breathe a sigh of relief when I hear one ask me: "What do you wish me to say in introducing you?" I like him best. He has had the courtesy to inform himself about the person he is to introduce, and he gives the speaker a chance to prevent a possible mistake.

Most lecturers prefer to speak in smaller communities than before the complacent big-city audiences who already know it all. To a conscientious speaker nothing is more gratifying than to have in front of him an audience of farmers and their wives (never mind the babies sleeping in their arms), filling the local high school combination gymnasium-and-auditorium to capacity, faces turned up to him, hearing him intently and never shifting their chairs. It is more gratifying still when he has made a point and sees a light of sudden understanding shining in the eyes of one of his listeners.

With a skillful chairman, the question period following can oftentimes be more fruitful than the lecture itself—provided the lecturer does not abuse it by delivering another lecture each time instead of a brief answer, and provided the chairman knows how to end a meeting at its peak and not let it peter out. I once spoke in a Texas town. Esconced in the corner seat of the front row on the aisle was a huge man, six-foot-five, his long legs stretched out almost to the stage. During the latter part of the question period a sudden lull occurred. I looked sideways at the chairman sitting next to me, and could see on his face that he was just about to say: "If there are no more questions . . ." He did not get to say it. The Texan giant in the front row suddenly lifted his frame out of the seat, and boomed with a voice that could have been heard at the Border: "All right, folks, let's go!" The entire audience, mass-hypnotized, rose from its seats and filed out.

Although numerically small, there is the category of the crackpot member of the audience who advocates something dear to his heart after every lecture irrespective of whether the speaker dealt with philosophy or politics, cooking recipes or the life of the Seminole Indians. And there is also the "butter-and-egg man" who startles the foreign lecturer with blunt questions about some of the more intimate mores of his country. I have seen the butter-and-egg man suddenly rise from his chair and shout across the hall at a Chinese lecturer who had somehow got on the subject of Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*: "Say, that's what I wanted to ask a fellow like you for a long time. How about these concubines in China?" This time the Chinese lecturer blushed a little under his yellow skin. But with his tender voice he answered, smiling: "Yes, there are concubines in China. But you in the United States have secretaries, haven't you?"

Many European visitors have complained that the United States is a standardized country: all smaller towns, they say, look alike, with their main streets, their banks and drug stores at the corner, their churches and schools and pool rooms and movie theatres. That is not at all true; lecturers constantly touring this vast country from end to end know better.

It may take a while but one can easily find out the differences in behavior. It begins with the way in which an audience assembles. Texans are afraid of nothing: in Texas the first row of seats is taken first. But in New England and most parts of the Midwest most people behave in a lecture hall as they would in church; always afraid of collections, they occupy the last rows first, and even when a hall is fairly well filled the speaker has to talk across several empty rows of chairs. New England audiences are quite slow in reacting to a speaker; in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire it can happen that the audience sits there as if it were hewn of granite. It takes longer for a question period to get under way than it does in the South and the Far West, where the people seem far more lively.

Below the Mason-Dixon line the Civil War is still being fought. The speaker of European extraction is taken aside and confidentially informed that the Yankees are not much less terrible than the Nazis. If the lecturer from the other side of the ocean shows interest in the Negro problem he is told immediately that the South just loves Negroes; that they are treated far better there than in the North; Jim Crow cars are for their own good

although they, ignorant as they are, do not appreciate it. After a lecture down South a chairman and his wife threw a party for me. The lady brought up the Negro problem. Coming from Germany and being rather sensitive on race theories, I tried to evade the issue. My hostess persisted, and soon we were in the midst of a heated discussion. Finally the lady came up with the inevitable last straw in those parts: "Would you marry a negress?" (As if equal opportunity in education, which I believe is one of the keys to the problem, should always end up in marriage!) I replied: "I don't think so—but I wouldn't marry you either!"

However, the South is also the most hospitable part of the country. It is wonderful to lecture throughout the southern states because the people immediately make you feel as much at home as the people in New England might after you had known them for some time. American hospitality is the kind one will find in Europe only among the Scandinavians. But within this country I found the South and California the friendliest parts of the nation. Similarly, Americans are incredibly tactful toward the much harrassed speaker whose traveling schedule is strenuous. Unless a lecturer indicates he is willing to meet with people privately after the evening affair, he is allowed to go his own way. On the other hand, what can be done to facilitate his travel is done far beyond any measure one would encounter in Europe.

Speaking for the army orientation courses during the war, I once delivered a lecture at one of the larger camps. After I had finished I was surrounded for a while by a number of officers asking questions. I noticed a tall private hovering about in the background. When I had satisfied the "brass" I beckoned him over: "You wanted to talk to me?"

"Yes, sir. What was it you did up there on the stage?"

I did not quite understand his question. "What do you mean, what I did?"

"Well, sir," he drawled, "you wasn't preaching because you didn't have no scripture. You wasn't making a political speech because you didn't name any office. So what did you do?"

"I delivered a lecture. . . ."

"That's it. I didn't know that word. I never heard one before!"

That sort of a person is fast becoming a rarity. More and more public lecturing reaches into the last corners of this country—a big business, a great pleasure, a grave responsibility.

BOOKS

SOME RECENT PAN AMERICANA

By HEINZ EULAU

THE ANNUAL INUNDATION of the book market with all kinds of volumes on Latin America has become as regular an occurrence as a Mississippi flood—if with a difference. While the latter may be set down to an act of God, the former is definitely man-made. And while the victims of a natural catastrophe are usually many thousands of helpless humans and animals, the martyrs of a literary deluge are only a few gloomy critics.

Included in the critics' list of horrors are the books of deluded tourists who, after a quick visit next door, think of themselves as ordained missionaries of "good neighborliness"; of distinguished scholars who, with much erudition and repetition, make a "new" point, or make no point at all; of latter-day Vincent Sheeans whose "personal histories" are only poor imitations of the master's singular journalistic skill.

Books on Latin America have been popular. But unfortunately, the supply of really good writing on matters of hemispheric interest has not kept up with the demand. Consequently, publishers have been perhaps too eager to accept whatever was offered them, even though some of these books did not deserve being published. During the last six years there have been, with the exception of some specialized works, at most two or three volumes in the annual crop which could be safely recommended to the general reader. Some comparison of books in a given field is the more necessary as without such discrimination the latest product will inevitably be greeted as the best. This has only too often been the case with books on Latin America.

Edward Tomlinson's *Battle for the Hemisphere* purports to reveal the struggle between democracy and totalitarianism in the other Americas.[1] It belongs to a *genre* of reporting which is not only more sensational

[1] *Battle for the Hemisphere*. By Edward Tomlinson. Scribner's, 1947. $3.50.

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than informative, more entertaining than educational, but which is also extremely redundant. Ever since Carleton Beal's *The Coming Struggle for Latin America* was published in 1938, similar prophecies of danger and counsels of security have appeared in monotonous succession. Better-known titles are Hugo Fernández Artucio's *The Nazi Underground in South America* (1942) and Allan Chase's *Falange: the Axis Secret Army in the Americas* (1943). Without exception, these authors claim to unveil, hemispherically or country by country, chapter and verse on totalitarian intrigues and conspiracies.

Tomlinson's book does not differ from these earlier exposés, either with regard to material (except that it is up-to-date), or to approach (which is more that of Walter Winchell than of a counter-intelligence agent). The Communists have now joined the ranks of the whipping-boys, and perhaps with more justification, but like his predecessors Tomlinson fails to give the *raisons d'être* of fascism and communism in Latin America. If these movements are so successful and dangerous, what are their economic, social, and psycho-pathological components? All attempts at containing them are apparently futile until we get to their roots in the native Latin American milieu. It is certainly characteristic of this approach that Tomlinson avoids an evaluation of former Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden's quarantine policy towards Argentina. For the fiasco of that policy was as much due to the lily-white purity of Braden's liberalism as to certain misconceptions about the Latin American temper against which former Undersecretary Sumner Welles, himself an old Latin American hand, so frequently warned.

These misconceptions, fostered by books like Tomlinson's, are predicated on the assumption that the alternative to Latin American totalitarianism, both right and left, is "democracy" as we mean it. But there is little, if any, factual evidence for this assumption. The ouster in 1945 of Brazil's long-time strong man Getulio Vargas, for instance, did not turn out to be the black-and-white proposition which many American liberals interpreted it to be at the time. Although the Vargas regime was hardly the kind of government under which free men would care to live, the alternative was not democracy but another dictatorship of a somewhat different color.

Just as the symbols of democracy found in Latin American constitutions seldom square with the realities of politics, the epithet "fascism"

fails, more often than not, to describe accurately the strong-man regimes of the last decade. Dictatorship has been the rule rather than the exception in most Latin American countries since independence in the early nineteenth century. The most adequate term to describe these dictatorships is *caudillismo*. The *caudillo,* the man on horseback, comes to power by way of a coup, usually with army support and the applause of a fickle, hero-worshipping populace. With their emphasis on ideology, propaganda, intrigue, espionage, sabotage and foreign influence (all except our own), books of the "under-cover" variety are unsuited to convey much understanding of Latin America.

II

There is no guaranty, to mention another example, that an overthrow of Juan Perón's dictatorial regime in Argentina will be followed necessarily by the emergence of democratic government. As Ruth and Leonard Greenup indicate in *Revolution Before Breakfast,* the most powerful opposition to the Perón regime does not come from the masses, great as their antagonism may be, but from the big landowners whose vested interests are threatened by Perón's industrialization program.[2] Prior to Perón, this small oligarchy of wealthy *estancieros* wielded, in connivance with British and other foreign finance capital, an amazing influence, economically and politically. While Perón has squashed free trade unions and free speech, the power of the landowners is still great. But their paying lip-service to constitutionalism must not be mistaken for advocacy of democratic government. Their opposition to Perón stems almost solely from their fear of losing valuable foreign grain and meat markets in countries which now export industrial products to Argentina.

Nor are sporadic mass demonstrations against Perón indices of popular mass disaffection. Unpleasant as it may be, it is a sad fact that rank-and-file labor unionists have fallen for the wage increases, reduced hours, and price controls decreed by the Perón regime, even if for demagogic purposes. Moreover, Perón's phenomenal success in the 1946 presidential and congressional elections was largely due to the political ineptitude of the opposition. Before the returns were all in, Perón's victory-sure op-

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[2]*Revolution Before Breakfast, Argentina 1941-1946.* By Ruth and Leonard Greenup. University of North Carolina Press, 1947. $4.

ponents pronounced the elections honest, in spite of the constant terror and violence against themselves during the campaign. Burning their bridges behind them, they had to admit that the dictator had become the country's constitutional president.

Apart from good reporting, the Greenups' book is distinguished from such other recent writings on Argentina as Ray Josephs' *Argentine Diary* (1944) or Ysabel Rennie's *The Argentine Republic* (1945) by its exceptional balance of judgment. It is free of sensationalism, though topics like press censorship, educational regimentation or anti-semitism lend themselves easily to sensational treatment. However, because it is mainly reportorial, it is less critical and analytical than Felix J. Weil's *Argentine Riddle* (1944) which is still the best source for understanding the Argentine problem.

III

The vogue of books on Latin America may, and perhaps should, be attributed to a genuine desire of Americans to understand their southern neighbors. But let us beware of illusory sentiments! Judged by the volume of output, Latin America ought to enjoy an "understanding" ideal by comparison with other continents. However, the quality of American understanding of the lands below the Rio Grande does not correspond to the ever increasing quantity of books on the subject. A recent poll indicated that Americans, in spite of their "guntherization" with "inside" information, are ignorant of the most elementary geographical data about Latin America. And if the American public is short on facts, how much more appalling must be its comprehension of issues and problems!

How, for instance, are Americans to explain the Indians' centuries-old fatalism, with its sense of futility and inadequacy not present in climates where the odds are more favorable to man? Geography rather than psychology might give the answer. But the answer presupposes knowledge of geographical facts. We must *know* that volcanic disturbances and earthquakes in the geologically young mountain system of the Andes have destroyed much life and property over the centuries and slowed down normal social and economic progress. We must *know* that in the "green hell" of the Amazon jungle human settlement is continually threatened by a flourishing vegetation which forces even trees to fight for space and sunshine, and during the wet season by waters full

of terror. Surely, these natural handicaps of existence must have had a deep psychological influence on the human mind.

Publisher Coward-McCann's new Latin American "Invitation to Travel Series" is one way to get acquainted with some of the basic facts about geography of the western hemisphere. To judge by the three volumes that have appeared so far, the series is more than a revised duplication of the standard guides to our southern neighbors.[3] It is not only for those who are fortunate enough to afford a trip to Buenos Aires or Bogotá, but also for those who can only dream of journeying south. After short historical introductions, the reader finds himself en route to Maya or Inca ruins, Spanish missions and cathedrals, modern cities and ancient jungle villages, huge plantations of feudal days and industrial plants of latest design. Information on agricultural and industrial output, wages and prices, transportation and communication is as fresh as might be reasonably expected. Each volume has been prepared by an author who has intimate contacts with the region assigned to him by editor Lowell Brentano.

Latin Americans have attacked the United States as being "materialistic," while they have emphasized their own "spirituality." With a zeal more characteristic of an inferiority complex than of much insight, some American writers have tried to disprove this accusation. But others have lent aid and comfort to the Latin American thesis. Like Waldo Frank, they have engaged in mystical romancing about the special gifts of Hispanic America, or like Samuel Guy Inman, they have talked about some unique spiritual content of Latin American culture, comprehensible only in their own terms. Of course, cultural differences do exist, and imaginative sympathy is a tool of understanding. But as works such as Hubert Herring's *Good Neighbors* (1941) or William L. Schurz's *Latin America* (1941) have shown, it is possible to interpret Latin America intelligently without indulging in talk on soul and spirit. (In justice to Inman: his *Latin America, Its Place in World Life,* revised in 1942, is a mine of useful information and much sound interpretation, occasional lapses into spirituality notwithstanding.)

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[3] *The River Plate Republics* (Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay), by Betty de Sherbinin; *Lands of the Andes* (Peru, Bolivia), by T. R. Ybarra; *The Rainbow Republics* (Central America), by Ralph Hancock. Coward-McCann, 1947. $4 each.

Hudson Strode's *Now In Mexico* is both sensible and romantic.[4] It combines the author's observations and impressions during a number of trips to Mexico between 1935 and 1946. Making for chatty entertainment, it does not contribute much to an understanding of modern Mexico and its revolution. Its tone is set by the remark of an elderly lady whom Strode quotes with apparent approval: "Mexico is a mural created by a collaboration between divinity and man. Deity is there in the brilliant sky, the volcanic cones, the fantastic vegetation. The Spanish builders provided churches and palaces and plazas worthy of the landscape. The Indians by their complexions, their costumes, their innate picturesqueness, lend themselves to artistic grouping." One might add that on gloomy days the Mexican hinterland, with its conspicuous poverty, resembles more the desolate steppes of Russia than the picture here drawn. Betty Kirk's sober *Covering the Mexican Front* (1942) is still the best account of modern Mexico.

IV

When John A. Crow's *The Epic of Latin America* appeared in 1946, it was greeted as the most readable and interesting history of the Hispanic world. Crow wanted to show "how things have come to be what they are." He cut through the centuries-old debate over whether the Indian civilizations of Central America and Peru had been superior or inferior to what the Spaniards imported; whether the Catholic Church had been an element of reaction or a bearer of new cultural values; whether Spanish colonization was better or worse than that of the British or Dutch in their respective empires. Finding it difficult to argue with the past, he sought guidance in the present.

The publication of Salvador de Madariaga's *The Rise of the Spanish American Empire*[5] and of John Collier's *The Indians of the Americas*[6] suggests that the futile debate over the respective merits of Indian and Spanish civilization has not ended. Señor de Madariaga's book is a lawyer's brief in defense of Spanish imperialism. Mr. Collier, former United

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[4]*Now In Mexico.* By Hudson Strode. Harcourt, Brace, 1947. $5.

[5]*The Rise of the Spanish American Empire.* By Salvador de Madariaga. Macmillan, 1947. $5.

[6]*The Indians of the Americas.* By John Collier. Norton, 1947. $3.75.

States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, reveals himself as a stout partisan of Indianism. Where de Madariaga finds barbarism and cruelty, Collier finds passion and reverence for human personality. Evidence? Truth? Right? The old school of historiography—"how things have actually been"—to which both writers adhere, has little to contribute to modern understanding. Is contemporary Latin America not both Indian and Spanish, and, above all, Mestizo?

De Madariaga's thesis is simple. Spain has been vilified. The conquistadores were not as brutal as they have been made out to be, though "many of them behaved abominably." Instead of leaving it at that, de Madariaga adds that generally they were "deeply civilized." Spain's highly centralized, autocratic administration of her empire, recently so well described by Professor C. H. Haring in his *The Spanish Empire in America,*[1] sounds in de Madariaga's treatment like a prototype of Anglo-American home rule: "The Indies are for the Indies, and in the main everything done by church and state, whether good or bad in its actual results, was done from the point of view of the Indies themselves." It did not matter, apparently, that during the first century of Spain's rule about two billion pesos' worth of gold and silver were shipped from the colonies to the mother country, possibly the most extraordinary example of "primitive accumulation" in world history.

The Inquisition, according to de Madariaga, "acted mildly in matters of faith and morals with regard to the Indians." De Madariaga should have added that the Indians were believed to live in a "state of nature" in which they could not possibly commit sin because they were not humans possessed with reason. Negro slavery, de Madariaga points out, was generally accepted by "the Christian conscience," and, besides, the Spaniards never soiled their hands with the dirty business of raiding African villages and making a living off the slave trade.

This apologia is implemented, in glowing terms, by praises of the glory that was Spain. Needless to say, Spain left behind a cultural heritage that has yet to be equalled by another colonial power. But she also left behind a heritage of poverty and illiteracy, of absolutism in government and feudalism in economics. It was on the basis of this heritage as well

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[1] *The Spanish Empire in America.* By C. H. Haring. Oxford University Press, 1947. $5.

as the more glorious one that the young nations had to build their future. It is a heritage which still throws a long shadow over Latin America.

Indianism is a potent ideological stimulus in contemporary Latin American politics. The Mexican Revolution of 1917 was a predominantly Indian revolution. Peru's socialist *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana* (APRA) is an Indian mass movement. This is not surprising. The emancipation of the underdog in Latin America from the shackles of ignorance and poverty is bound to mean the emergence of the Indian as the continent's "forgotten man." For the Indian is the underdog. But it is surprising that John Collier, whose sympathies for the Indian are understandable, should embrace so completely what to Indians has become an article of faith and a tool in the struggle for their liberation.

The result is a book which, at least in its historical part, is as one-sided as de Madariaga's, only with the Spaniard rather than the Indian as the author's scapegoat. Collier sees nothing but evil in the Spanish conquest, while he paints a picture of Indian civilization so ecstatic as to be almost unbelievable: "The Indian record is the bearer of one great message to the world. Through his society, and only through his society, man experiences greatness; through it he unites with the universe and God, and through it, he is freed from all fear. . . ." Collier does not necessarily distort facts, but his interpretation is difficult to accept. For instance, he mentions that the Aztec Tenocans sacrificed as many as twenty thousand lives to their gods at one time. However, he adds: "Difficult as it may be for us at the present time to understand such rites, they were not held in abhorrence by the sacrificial lambs of ancient Mexico. Human sacrifice empowered the gods—of whom there were many. We know of cases where tribal headmen delivered themselves willingly, even gloriously, to be sacrificed; where parents delivered over their children."

This may be a proper explanation of a system of values different from our own, but can a historian risk such blatant relativism? Does it not directly lead to an exaggeration of the true merits of Indian culture? And, from a scientific point of view, what purpose can this approach really have? Fortunately, Collier does not follow it in the second part of his book which deals with the North American Indian of modern times. Here Collier treads on solid ground and makes a valuable contribution.

V

More apropos of the Indian problem than Collier's apotheosis of America's native is the following statement by Latin America's greatest modern Indian, indeed its greatest statesman since independence. "The native race," Benito Juarez said, "which is the most numerous of our Mexican society, is subject to an even blinder obedience than soldiers, because its obedience springs from the poverty that bends and overwhelms it before the will of its masters."

Juarez, a pure-blooded Indian from Oaxaca, never was an Indianist. He rose to greatness precisely because he triumphed over the parochial bounds which his origin as an Indian seemed to impose. By fighting for the liberation of his country, first from the internal yoke of the Church, later from the bondage of the French invader, he also fought for the emancipation of the Mexican Indian. In *Juarez and his Mexico,* Ralph Roeder, a distinguished historian, pays tribute to a distinguished statesman.[8]

It is an exciting story which stretches from Juarez' birth in 1806 to 1910 when the reform movement begun by the liberal statesman culminated in the revolutionary ouster of dictator Porfirio Diaz. Juarez' death in the early '70's is only an incident in the drama which Roeder rightly calls a "biographical history." For Juarez—opponent of clericalism and feudalism, conqueror of domestic insurrection and foreign aggression, advocate of constitutional and educational reform—became the symbol of a country painfully growing into nationhood.

Juarez was primarily a war president. He came to lead a country whose existence had been threatened from the beginning. Chaos and dictatorship reigned until the liberal Constitution of 1857 was adopted on Juarez' urging. In 1847-8 more than half of the country was lost to the United States. In the '60's the conservatives preferred foreign rule to government by their liberal compatriots. In days when the United States professed the Monroe Doctrine but did little to implement it, Juarez fought the biggest foreign invasion ever launched against a country in the western hemisphere.

Only in the few years left to him after 1867 could Juarez devote himself to aiding agriculture and trade, promoting honest and efficient gov-

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[8]*Juarez and his Mexico.* By Ralph Roeder. Viking, 1947. 2 vols. $10.

ernment, and fostering education. In the educational field he probably accomplished more in five years than had been achieved in the half century before. If his reforms were only a first cautious step towards the good life, a start had at least been made. Mestizos came to take the place of the white, native-born Creoles in the political life of the country. A small middle class was developing. But land reform did not succeed. Though church estates were expropriated, most Mexicans could not afford to buy even small parcels of land, and the land fell into the hands of foreigners and wealthy families after Juarez' death. The great majority of the Mexican people remained in peonage. But, as Roeder concludes, Juarez' "work endures because it is unfinished, because it was progress and progress is unending, and he survives, like all the heroes of humanity, as part of the life stream of the race."

VI

Mexico, in a century-long struggle, managed to rid itself of foreign imperialist control. The countries of the Caribbean did not. There are only three, in name at least, independent republics among the hundreds of islands in the hemisphere's inland ocean—Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. But though American troops no longer occupy them, American economic power is strong enough to give credence to the charge that they are in fact parts of America's economic empire. If they are not encouraging exhibits of independence, they are the only exhibits in the Caribbean area.

Jamaica, Trinidad, the Bahamas, Barbados, the Windwards and Leewards—jewels in the British crown; Puerto Rico, the Virgins, the Panama Canal Zone—highways to America's imperial destiny; Martinique, Guadeloupe, Guiana—reminders of French grandeur; Curaçao, Aruba, Surinam—items in the Dutch budget. This is the Caribbean, with its seemingly tiny discs of serenity if viewed from the air, but really "black volcanoes" of human misery.

Modestly called "a contemporary review" on its title page, Paul Blanchard's *Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean* is a keen analysis of imperialism in our backyard.[9] If it sounds like a passionate indictment of the white man's burden, it is not the author's language but his evidence

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[9] *Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean*. By Paul Blanchard. Macmillan, 1947. $5.

that proves the case. Blanchard is a scholar and journalist who successfully escapes the twin evils of pedantic academicism and ephemeral reportage.

Blanchard reviews all the evidence essential to understanding—history, government, economic life, vital statistics. His book is rich in detail and bold in its hypotheses. Sugar, bananas, rum, oil, tourists and military bases. . . . Black or brown proletarian countries ruled by white oligarchies. . . . Slave rebellions put down with unspeakable atrocities. . . . Coolie labor from India, China and Java. There is no pussyfooting in his appraisal: "The odor of black burning flesh still hangs over the Caribbean, and no white ruling class will ever escape it. . . . Everywhere on these shores the white man is in full retreat as a factor in the population."

What of the future? Blanchard, who as a State Department official assigned to the Caribbean Commission had an unusual opportunity to study the problem between 1942 and 1946, answers with some propositions, a conditional prophecy, and a point of unequivocal special pleading. Further American expansion in the Caribbean is undesirable. But independence of the colonies is equally undesirable, and the people themselves do not want it. Popular, democratic elections of legislatures and governors are feasible alternatives to complete independence, with universal, free compulsory education as an essential part of the program. A democratic regional agency should co-ordinate and develop the economic life of the area. The United Nations Trusteeship Council should be given power to investigate and report on all aspects of colonial administration. Increasing social control of economic activity is likely, but regardless of the type of landownership the large-scale plantation system must be maintained because it assures the greater productivity efficiency of big operating units. Blanchard predicts conditionally that the Caribbean peoples will remain loyal to the Western democracies, but only, he pleads, if the Western democracies are worthy of their allegiance.

"NEW" WAYS TO THINK

An Analysis of Knowledge and Valuation, by Clarence Irving Lewis. The Open Court Publishing Company, La-Salle, Illinois, 1946. 567 pp. $6.

This book, by Clarence I. Lewis of Harvard, should, and probably will, change the focus of contemporary American ethics and epistemology. By invitation of the American Philosophical Association, the *Analysis* was presented to its December, 1945 meeting as the seventh series of Carus Lectures. It is, accordingly, highly technical. But it will not remain, in its effect, in the philosophers' studies. It will be felt in our commonplace ways of thinking.

If one of our contemporaries could be singled out as the best qualified to gauge the import of modern logic for theory of knowledge, Lewis is the one. Such consensus as present-day naturalistic thinkers approach about the nature of knowing turns especially on points nailed down by Lewis in his *Mind and the World Order* (1929). F. S. C. Northrup, for example, uses Lewis's formulation of certain epistemological ideas as foundation in his *Meeting of East and West.* The aptness of Lewis's analysis has played its part, along with the facts, in effecting this result. The present book, introducing refinements on his earlier writings, will therefore be the object of extensive, respectful, and critical study. It is the most careful available analysis of the truth in those "pragmatisms" (theories about meaning and truth) which have sprung up in the wake of Peirce and James. Not even the influential writing of John Dewey is of equal value in this respect.

One cannot foresee at the time what implications of a work will eventually prove most fruitful. Lewis's book will undoubtedly be important as an analysis of knowledge and of valuation long after the controversies which make it currently exciting have died away. But its present relevancies are themselves of no mean importance. Two examples will illustrate both its long- and its short-run importance: A) the battle over what is meaningful—whether, for example, metaphysical statements make any sense, or whether value statements are anything but exclamations about personal preferences; and B) the argument whether moral judgments are simply matters of opinion, one man's opinion being as good as another's.

A. Consider first why a term or a proposition has meaning. During the last two decades this topic has been under heated and extensive discussion. The vogue of semantics testifies to the point. A movement of "logical empiricism" has mushroomed principally in the soil of this issue. Behavioristic schools in psychology have also found the site promising. Operationalism in the sciences often begins from a theory that a hypothesis is meaningless if it can not be translated into a procedure for its verification.

Lewis makes a threefold contribution to clarifying the meaning of meaning. 1. Where logicians have long found two possible modes of meaningfulness ("extension" and "intension" of terms), Lewis has discovered at least four. A term "unicorn," for which there may be no *actual* instances (zero denotation), may nevertheless have meaning in having *conceivable* instances (comprehension). The term "being," the instances of which cannot all be covered by any distinctive adjective (zero intension), has been called meaningless; yet it refers to *everything actual* (universal denotation). If one identifies all

meaningfulness with only one or two modes of it, as have some recent controversialists, one gets very paradoxical results: for example, that all traditional metaphysics is meaningless, that ethical judgments have no meaning apart from personal preferences, or that an unverifiable hypothesis is meaningless. With his four modes of meaningfulness, Lewis steers through these controversies by showing in what senses the antagonists have in turn hit upon and overstepped the truth.

2. Lewis further explains how "analytic truths" have sense meaning. An analytic truth is one which can be deduced from an understanding of the relations among meanings themselves, without any testing by experience; for example, that 4 x 3 equals 12 or that all apples are fruit. We know there are no "round squares." From analysis of the meanings we can, by a kind of experiment in imagination, tell that the notion is self-contradictory. We do not have to go looking fruitlessly to make sure of the point. Yet the experiment in imagination, which the term suggests, shows how a self-contradictory term has meaning to us. By analyzing such cases, Lewis is able to define meaninglessness in a way which meets the requirements of logic and theory of knowledge, and yet does not violate common sense. In the process, he refines and reinforces the truth in those theories of meaning called "pragmatism," which derive all meaningfulness from experience.

This study is more than an antidote to certain current talk of "nonsense" and "meaninglessness." The epoch-making *Principia Mathematica* of Whitehead and Russell is based entirely upon an interpretation of terms in *one* of Lewis's four modes of meaningfulness (extension). If terms have meaning in all four modes, and if these are not translatable into one another by invariable rule, modern logic has revolutionary work to do. By his treatment of types of implication, Lewis goes beyond the treatment of strict implication, for which the histories of logic already give him a place, to show what some of this work should be.

3. Finally, Lewis clears up one aspect of a dispute between conventionalists and absolutists about truths which we know with certainty. In 1929 Lewis had emphasized that if I use the term "swan" to refer to white birds only, I can say with certainty that "no swan is black." To argue with me is futile, for I can use words so if I wish. Seizing upon this truth about the sense in which personal or group decision plays into our expression of truths, some conventionalists have alleged that all mathematics is a mere matter of convention, and that much of ethical truth is also. Lewis now emphasizes that, once one has decided to attach the above meanings to "swan," "black," etc., it follows that no swans are black whether he likes it or not; and this *relation among the meanings* is not affected by convention, though we can change our way of expressing it as we will. There is thus an element of truth in what absolutists have said, though currently applicable policies cannot be assured so absolutely.

B. The second major example of Lewis at work—the question whether one man's opinion is as good as another's in moral judgments — bears directly upon the primary aim of the book: to prepare ground for ethical studies. To define moral conduct, one must first determine what is valuable,

since the justification for conduct depends upon the value of its contemplated results. Valuation, Lewis asserts, is a form of empirical knowledge. It is empirical, the truth of a valuation depending upon a kind of objective fact learnable only from experience. It is knowledge, revealing an extended parallel with commonly recognized types of knowledge in science, and thus having more than mere emotive significance. But to establish this thesis, Lewis must clarify the nature of empirical knowledge and of valuation.

Three kinds of apprehending, Lewis finds, are sometimes called knowledge: 1) apprehending directly given data of sense, including the illusory, as in feeling the feel of an apple and sensing the look of it; 2) apprehending what is not thus given but is empirically verifiable, as in knowing that it is an apple I feel and see; and 3) apprehending what is contained in meanings, as in knowing that apples are by definition fruit. Both the first of these (which Lewis does not call knowledge) and the third enter into the make-up of the second (empirical knowledge). The discussion of meaningfulness bore upon the third. On the role of the first, Lewis is equally stimulating. Among those who extol scientific knowledge, it has been a long-standing puzzle how any probabilities at all can be established unless we start somewhere with something certain. The synthesis of his ideas on the three modes of apprehending gives Lewis's answer to this riddle, and is designed to mediate claims of conflicting theories of probability. The results call for considerable modification in present-day "inductive logic" and epistemology.

All of this, however, is preparation for a study of valuation. Here, as in other empirical knowledge, we have three types of apprehension: 1) direct apprehensions of value or disvalue in experience; 2) judgments that an object or process is good; and 3) definitions exhibiting meaning-relations. The second of these is the valuation which is a form of empirical knowledge, but it can be created only by use of the other two. In disentangling the strands of this process, Lewis throws new light on a number of historic problems: In what sense are value judgments uniquely "subjective"? Does this imply that no genuine knowledge is possible on such matters? How are aesthetic experiences and judgments related to valuations and to knowledge? If valuations are empirical knowledge, can what is right or moral be decided on the basis of fact alone?

These are questions that enter into everyday conversation, not in these words nor always with this directness, but as incidentally we acknowledge or deny a need for justification for our ways of living. For, as Lewis says at the outset, knowing is for the sake of doing; and action is to gain values, and is thus rooted in value-judgments.

These are also questions of the ages. No student of them can have escaped the fact that the gropings of everyday living would be greatly relieved if technical analysis could gain its sight. The details of Lewis's book will be the object of careful scrutiny and long scholarly discussion; but the outcome, I predict, will be a remaking, in some fundamental respects, of logic, ethics, and epistemology. Such an intellectual event occurs rarely. When it does, under present conditions, it may confidently be expected to have eventually a notable impact upon our entire cultural climate.

MORRIS KEETON

WE NOTE . . .

Letter to a Dissident Liberal

Dear Jim:

I had not expected to hear from you again so soon. Were you so very astonished to find I was opposed to Wallace? Or did you hope to persuade me to your way of thought? In any case, thinking over your letter has forced me to set down some conclusions here which otherwise might still be confusions—or blank spots.

You can believe that the death of Jan Masaryk a few days ago hit me very hard. Not that I knew him or had ever seen him. But his death was a symbol of something which I had been afraid really to look at these many months. And it came as a climax to a mounting sense of shock which I don't find it very easy to describe to someone who probably didn't feel it. It was not only the events of Czechoslovakia. It was, even more, the fact that we seemed unable to face them squarely. On top of everything else came the rising anarchy of our political leadership. Herb Block caught the political part of my mood, with one of his cartoons. (Perhaps you saw it.) Two commuters are reading newspapers with the words "MacArthur, Truman, Dewey, Wallace, Taft, Stassen" heavily displayed in their headlines, and one of them bleakly remarks to the other, "Who do you think you'll vote against?" Even more expressive was a letter from a woman in the correspondence column of a Washington paper. Brief and halting as she was in her analysis of the Czech crisis, her conclusion was a stunner. "Why," she asked plaintively, "doesn't someone speak up for our side?"

I was shaken as much by some of the reaction to Masaryk's death as by news of the death itself. I was present when one of our young politicoes here heard the news. He laughed—more in embarrassment, I assume, than humor. He is not a Communist, he knows something of Eastern Europe, for he's been there, and he had said once that if anything happened in Czechoslovakia, he might change his mind. Something *has* happened and now he blames it on our foreign policy and on the newspapers. He's our counterpart, I suppose, to the Social Democrats who have collaborated with European Communism, the Nennis and the Fierlingers.

For that matter I don't understand your reactions either. You say that you have worked for American corporations and then for the American Army and now you're fed up. Your education would be complete if you had also worked for the Soviet bureaucracy. For the life of me, Jim, I don't understand how a person with as much imagination as you have can fail to see what's going on over there. In America, if something is hidden, it's presumed to stink until it's aired. But over there everyone has to wear a clothespin on his nose and the bodies are buried quietly (to put it mildly). You are disturbed because of what the Army thinks of your book. How long do you think you'd last *there* with something as "subversive" of public policy? To get a picture of the Russian official state of mind you ought to read the criticism and reconstruction of Varga in the back end of the last issue of *Political Affairs.*

Don't get me wrong. I'll admit every domestic error you set down and some of the foreign ones, but I'll still say politics isn't black and white, never was, and never will be. (Lenin called it expediency, didn't he?) The big difference in the world today is the belief in freedom, in civil liberties; we believe in such liberties but the Russians don't. I say we believe in them while at the same time we stumble around wrestling with them under stress, and the truth is we don't yet fully understand them. We always learn everything the hard way. But to describe what is happening here today in the name of security as "atrocities" is to abuse the word. What, then, do you call the murder of democratic institutions in Czechoslovakia?

I give you two men. One constantly talks about freedom of opportunity in America but never lifts his hand to assist Negroes to get jobs they are qualified for. The other has harsh words for American civil liberties but never says a word about what happened in Prague. The attitude of mind is the same in each case and I'd call it hypocrisy, but then maybe I don't understand human nature.

The Truman Doctrine, you say. It was our first halting answer to exclusive Russian control of the Balkans in contradiction to previous agreement. The Molotov Plan, though it received its name later, was inaugurated much earlier. Read Morroe Berger on the subject.

A comparison of Greece and Czechoslovakia gives superficial superiority to the latter, for it was hit less by the war and it was initially democratic. But no liberal is now likely to prefer it as a place to live. One of our young men was studying at Charles University. He withdrew last week "because of the dismissal of my professors and the imprisonment of my fellow students." Clint Golden, now in Greece working with the labor unions, says his work has been hampered by ill-informed resolutions and pressures from labor unions in both America and Britain. One of the Greek unions called a strike recently for more pay and won it. This is no apology for Greece but to keep the record straight. In Greece there is still a chance, in Czechoslovakia none.

I'll have to admit that Truman hasn't been a very effective President. Yet his administration may not seem so bad in comparison to the Republican one likely to follow in the wake of a successful Wallace campaign. (Truman, incidentally, has worked harder and more consistently for civil rights than Roosevelt ever did.) Wallace himself, it seems, has calculated that Taft's foreign policy would work out to approximately the same practical result as his own, and about the fact that a Taft domestic program would be the worst possible he apparently doesn't give a damn. I see little evidence at present but that the PCA will help elect Brooks over Douglas in Illinois and Ball over Humphrey in Minnesota—reaction and little else opposed to excellent men who understand communism and don't like it and who will get paid back at the polls for their knowledge by the boys who used to holler for "unity."

Last June at a college reunion I talked with two Hoover Republicans, one an oil man who had spent much of his time out of the country. They assured me that Europe was finished, which is the counterpart of your remark about a preference for the Communists over Churchill (is he to be resurrected from the grave?), De

Gaulle (who wouldn't have a chance if it weren't for the Communists, and who incidentally is a danger as much because he might play ball with Moscow as for any other reason), and the Vatican. And I would say to you the same thing I said to them, that if the Communists take over Europe, America will become an armed camp with a military budget of three or four times its present size. Surely I don't have to spell that out—to you.

The President has just asked for selective service and universal military training. How far we go on this road now depends chiefly on what happens in Italy and France. Soviet Russia doesn't want war and to date she hasn't needed war to gain her objecitves. Her creeping aggrandizement in Europe will not really be stopped except by Western European union and economic recovery. Our military strength and preparedness can only be used successfully as a holding operation.

As for the Marshall Plan I don't see how anyone with humanitarian feelings can oppose it. As Samuel Grafton said, Russia ought to go off in a corner and have a good cry about it. It's now through the Senate unimpaired and should soon pass the House. We should be mustering all our strength to keep it liberal, and to buck up the labor, democratic and uncompromised socialist elements in Europe. Some of us—in the great labor unions and in groups like the Americans for Democratic Action —are doing the job. But some of our erstwhile liberal friends are off playing marbles with Wallace.

The Marshall Plan will not work out in the long run, however well we support it, if there is no trade between the complementary economics of Eastern and Western Europe. Of course, Russia has been busy lining up her satellites economically, and the economic ties among the Western European countries have been drawing tighter and tighter. But I have just checked the trade agreements which have pierced the Iron Curtain since Secretary Marshall's speech last June. You wouldn't believe it.

Poland has signed trade agreements with Britain, Switzerland, France, and the American and British zones in Germany.

Hungary has signed up with Britain, France, and the American and British zones in Germany.

Yugoslavia has signed with Italy and the American and British zones of Germany.

Soviet Russia has signed with Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Benelux, and Britain.

Czechoslovakia has signed with Denmark, has extended agreements with France and Switzerland, is working (even now under Communist domination) on agreements with Norway and Belgium.

Where will this co-operation stop? Russia, of course, can put an end to it any time she wants. And so, surely can we when we carry the temporary economic prestige of the ERP into action. But the truth is that, whatever the acrimony of our relations with Russia (short of war), we must in the end work to expand the economic interchange between European East and West if reconstruction is to be a success. And for this kind of understanding the American liberal will have to put forth every ounce of effort.

If the Marshall Plan has become the cornerstone of our foreign policy, the great reversal in that policy during the past year has been the American in-

formation program. A year ago the Voice was a whisper, and even American news agencies which gladly sold their service to Tass, were refusing it to our State Department because it would somehow "destroy freedom of the press"! Today the Voice is beginning to speak up. That is long overdue if Europe and the rest of the world is to understand what we are trying to do. Nor does it need to drown out or exclude other voices. Walter White suggests that we send American magazines, books, and newspapers to friends abroad. Theodore Andrica suggests that European immigrants send to their relatives in Eastern Europe pictures and letters giving details of their lives in America. Instead of withdrawing our representation from international organizations as we have been only too prone to do, we should encourage labor leaders like Jim Carey to push our point of view in the WFTU and our youth leaders to represent us in international youth organizations.

This is much more than a war of words with Soviet Russia or with Communism. It can become a way of international communication. As William Carleton explains in "What the World Federalists Neglect," our point of view must penetrate the Iron Curtain in some degree (just as the Communist and other points of view have already penetrated here) or there can be no real international community. Unless like groups reach hands across national borders, until national delegations to the United Nations or to important international conventions can split their vote, no world government or real agreement will be possible. No other international truth is so important to understand. And it is to this end that an American voice (really, many American voices) is so signifiicant a factor.

You will say that all this, ERP plus the voices of America, still does not add up to a foreign policy. That I admit. But in administering a plan of reconstruction, we shall soon enough discover who we must work with to make the plan successful. And in the very practice of an information program, we should learn something of what we wish and need to say. It may be exasperating and fumbling, but that, once we have determined to do the job, is in part the way we hammer out policy.

For myself I should like to see us build a policy around freedom, around civil liberty. Though we do not yet understand all its ramifications, we surely appreciate the idea better than anyone else. And a positive attitude toward civil liberty would irrevocably tie our domestic and foreign policies together. Never could we forget our responsibility at home as well as abroad.

It seems at the moment that almost anything may happen in the political campaign this summer and fall. But only the election of Taft or Wallace can disturb the fundamentals of ERP. Of course, Wallace hasn't a chance, and Taft doesn't either except as the world's champion minority candidate. If you get bored with the sidelines, join us over in Macedonia. That's an invitation.

P. B.

THE READER WRITES

"CRISIS" AT LAKE SUCCESS

Dear Sir:

You have made a highly worthwhile contribution to journalism with the publication of the article on " 'Crisis' at Lake Success," by Michael O'Hearn. It would be good to have it reprinted and sent to every newspaper possible. It is good gospel for the newspapers, their readers, and the UN.

Agreeing with the author's diagnosis and prescription, I might offer one more thought: There are errors of omission as well as commission. The headline and crisis mentality tends to ignore long-range progress and non-political work. One reason for cynicism about UN is the fact that UN's forward-moving works get little attention. For instance, a sudden attack—cholera, rather than armed force—struck Egypt last fall. It killed and sickened 1,000 persons a day. The World Health Organization, a UN creation, mobilized help from around the world. Within six weeks, for the first time in history, so savage a cholera epidemic had been halted. This is achievement, and yet how many newspapers ever mentioned it? Or how many ever even noted that in the UN family there is such a thing as a health agency, one in which the United States and Russia work together?

Responsibility to the public would seem to require at least an occasional report of some of that UN work. Things like the Food and Agriculture Organization's plans for making over the Near East via deep-well irrigation, UNESCO's project for investigating and developing the vastness of the Amazon, the Economic Commission for Europe's efforts to break bottlenecks such as the way it obtained ten-nation trial of freedom-of-road transit for goods might be of as much interest to readers as a debate on the veto—and maybe more. There is more to UN than politics, as almost any day's summary of UN doings would show. There is a scope to this world effort that would surprise most readers of American and foreign newspapers by its breadth and even achievement.

PETER KIHSS
The New York Herald Tribune

New York, N.Y.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I would like very much to add my comment to Mr. O'Hearn's story about communications and press response toward the UN, which is one hell of a good story. He has written neither more acidly than the facts are which he presents, and no more idealistically than a large proportion of the population feels about its hopes for the UN.

And since he is in a better position to write objectively than I am, I had better put down by the footnote margins any second thoughts, and not get tough enough to call this any rebuttal. However, there are always interesting further considerations to any fluid proposition. I am enchanted by these:

1. The surface and uniformity complexes of most of the U.S. newspapers have not been very different over the last 100 years. The many new institutions and advances of this period attained their success and acceptance in spite of this (shall we say) fixed characteristic, or deficiency, of the press. I am glad, for one, that we didn't suspend our traditional malfeasances of operation on behalf of the League of Nations; it turned out to be a poor thing, with or without the interpretive help of press, historians, propaganda, and statesmanship such as it was. The first kidding stories from Kitty Hawk, on the other hand, didn't hold back aviation. The injustices of the press toward enterprise, politics, reform, and economics have not prevented their progress.

It is almost as if the intransigence of the press (which is too tough a word, but I use it to make the point) was one of the natural necessary hurdles any *good* thing must take. The press attitudes and operations on the UN are no worse than the press attitudes and operations on most things. For, in the final analysis, the press is down to the citizen level and will stay there if it is to survive. It is too much to ask that the UN at this point be considered down to the level of the citizen consciousness. When it is, it will have arrived.

I could turn a large part of our paper over to the UN daily, and it would be a quick way of running out of readers and out of business. The trouble is that no newspaper can quite *compel* people to read. We get constant demands from readers as to what they want in the paper. Most of these are sensible on the individual-citizen basis. We get no demands for more news about the UN. I hope some day we will. Until that time, we will largely deal with the UN on a headline-catch-weights-hasty-approximation-of-truth basis. The *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* ought to feel more lofty about this point than I do, but I am comforted by the reflection that they could not survive economically in our community, whereas we do.

2. What Mr. O'Hearn discovered about the press relations *et sim.* of the UN he will also discover, in almost identical degree, about the press relations and treatment of science, business, education, religion, national and state government (we do better on local government), the advance of important philosophic thought, the necessities of life, and the progress of human living. Any one of these is as important to the American citizen, at this moment, as the UN; and there is as regular a news break in each of these, properly reported and edited, as the UN has provided in its doings thus far.

Which brings up the point, what good are newspapers? It should be obvious by this time that newspapers cannot be and never have been the catch-all of all the useful and important information of a day or a week. Newspapers have much more significantly developed into daily companions, with warmth, spirit, offers of guidance, offers of companionship, entertainment—a number of virtues for the mass of the people which causes them to respond to the newspaper's offer thereof. I think of the difference between a tremendously-informed pedant without human compensations and a lively fellow who is pretty well posted and rather good daily company,

and not only for the information he may have. Mr. O'Hearn's ideal would, sort of, require the pedant. But the good companion is likely to be sought out by more average persons. Since there is no constitutional provision requiring a newspaper to be anything but a decent citizen, I think the freedom of the choice of our character is defensible. But tell him for me that he has done a sparkling story.

N. R. HOWARD
Cleveland, Ohio — Editor, the Cleveland News

* * *

Dear Sir:

May I say "Bravo" to the enthusiastic and apparently young newspaper man who wrote " 'Crisis' at Lake Success."

The newspaper world needs more folks who think the "beat" is the most important thing in the newspaper. This enthusiasm is the thing that keeps editors young.

As an editor who assigned one of his paper's best foreign correspondents to the United Nations at the start, who has kept that correspondent assigned to United Nations ever since, and who does not hesitate to send him to any part of the world with a United Nations Commission, when the situation warrants, I perhaps can be pardoned for saying some of the statements are too general.

Our correspondent, Nat Barrows, specializes in the identical background type of reporting that "O'Hearn" complains is not being done. I'm afraid his newspaper reading has been too limited. In addition to printing these dispatches in the *Daily News,* we provide these reports to more than 60 other important newspapers, many of which make intelligent use of them.

In addition to Barrow's dispatches, I have seen some excellent United Nations reporting by press services and by other specials. Also, of course, I have seen some bad jobs both of reporting and of editing—but this is true of reporting and editing on other things as well.

I feel, as "Mr. O'Hearn" does, that the success of the United Nations is essential. I am not as discouraged by the outlook as he is. Nothing as big as UN has ever been born easily.

The American public, God bless it, sometimes doesn't behave as some of us would like it to, and it doesn't always read what various editors would like it to read, but I'll still take its collective judgment ahead of the judgment of any individual or small group. This collective judgment may wobble and follow a wrong path for a short time but so far it has produced the most unselfish and best direction the world has ever known. Undoubtedly the American press as a whole, some bad, some mediocre, some very good, but none perfect, has played an important part in providing information on which this great public bases its decisions.

Of course news from the United Nations should be improved. As time goes on it will be. I hope you distribute the "O'Hearn" article widely among newspaper

editors. It should contribute to the thinking all editors should be giving this important subject.

Basil L. Walters
Executive Editor
Knight Newspapers, Inc.

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